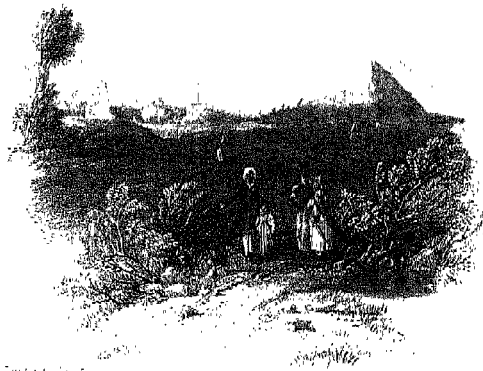


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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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PREFACE
TO
THE PRESENT EDITION
OF
THE VISION OF JUDGEMENT.

Soon after the publication of this poem, the Reverend S. Tillbrook, B. D., at that time Fellow of Peterhouse, and an old acquaintance of mine, published a pamphlet entitled,

"HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS
UPON
THE MODERN HEXAMETERS,
AND UPON
MR. SOUTHEY'S VISION OF JUDGEMENT.

'The Hexameter Versè I grant to be a gentleman of an ancient house (so is many an English beggar), yet this elme of ours he cannot thrive in ; our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in ; he goes twitching and hopping like a man running upon quagmires, up the hill in one syllable and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that strictly smooth gait which he vaunts himself with among the Greeks and Latins.'—THOMAS NASH.

CAMBRIDGE.
1822."

The following extracts comprize the most important of Mr. Tillbrook's animadversions:—

"The Laureate says that 'if it be difficult to

reconcile the public to a new tune in verse, it is plainly impossible to reconcile them to a new pronunciation.' But why not attempt to teach this tune on new principles? why leave the public without a guide to the accents and divisions of the Georgian hexameter? This should have been done either by — borrowing from the Latin rules — adopting those of the early prosodians, — or by inventing a new *metronome*. It is difficult to recommend, much more to establish, any theoretical attempt upon individual authority, because practical experience is the best and ultimate test of success. After repeated trials the enterprize in question has uniformly failed, and experience has shown that all modern imitations of the epic are unworthy of becoming denizens among our English metres. The system attempted by the Laureate is professedly an imitation of the ancient systems; but every copy is good or bad as it resembles or differs from its original. In defence of his enterprize, Mr. Southey should not have contented himself with a bare exposition of the measures of his verse, but should have actually noted the *cæsuras*, accented the syllables, and divided the feet. In matters of rhythm and sound the untried ear cannot always catch the precise meaning of the musician or poet, especially where an original air is turned into a variation; and this seems precisely the case between

the modernized and original epic, the difference acknowledged by the Laureate being the variation alluded to.

“ A table exhibiting the varieties which Mr. S. has adopted, and their agreement or disagreement with the legitimate hexameter, should have been drawn out. Critical experience has long ago selected and established certain canons for the iambic, sapphic, alcaic, and other metres ; and Greek or Latin verses constructed according to these laws invariably excel both in rhythm and melody. — There are in the *Vision of Judgement* parts which may charm and delight, but they do so from no metrical effect. The reader (notwithstanding the Laureate’s caution) soon finds himself in a tangled path, and gets bewildered for want of those guides which lead him smoothly through the *Siege of Troy*. But if he travel far with the Muse of modern epic, he will have little running, frequent haltings, some stumbling and jostling, and now and then find the good lady gaping, or sitting cross-legged in the midst of a barbarous rabble of monosyllabic particles.

“ But it will be easier to shew the comparative and probable sources of excellence or failure in

the composition of the modern hexameter, by an analysis of the Greek and Latin languages, compared as to their *literal* and syllabic relations. To effect this, four separate tables have been drawn, containing the component parts and totals of eight verses of *hexametrical* dimensions, taken severally from the Iliad, Æneid, Vision of Judgement, and from a poem by Schiller. The divisions are calculated to show the *totals* of words, syllables, consonants, vowels, diphthongs, letters, and variety of final syllables. It will be seen from this tabular exposition that the Greek and Latin are nearly analogous, except that the balance of polysyllables inclines to the former. The diphthongs are more and the consonants *fewer*, and the total of letters and words also is *less* with the Greek. The conclusion therefore is, that the euphony, and syllabic power of speech, must likewise be on the side of the Greeks.

“In the English scale the number of monosyllables is *five* times as great as in either of the two ancient languages, and more than twice as great as in the German. The English consonants are very nearly double those of the Greek or Latin, and the total number of words bears nearly the same *ratio* both to the Greek and Latin, viz. *two* to *one*. By necessity of grammar, a large proportion of these words

consists of monosyllables and expletives. Neither the consonants in the German, nor the *total* of letters, is so numerous as in the English, and the same relation holds between the *final* varieties of these two languages.

“ It has been before remarked that the Teutonic hexameter may be rendered somewhat superior to the English. This superiority is in a great measure to be attributed to the smaller aggregate of consonants and monosyllables which distinguish the German vocabulary. But the unprejudiced reader will draw what inferences he pleases from the comparative powers of each language, and regulate his decision according to the apparent truth or falsehood of the whole of the argument and evidence.

“ ‘ *Excludat jurgia Finis.*’

“ In taking leave of this question, the Writer again assures Mr. Southey of his high regard both for the private and literary life of the Laureate of the present age. The pen which has traced these Remarks, if it be not that of a ready writer, would fain be considered as that of a humble critic, actuated by no other motives than those of friendly discussions, and a desire to preserve the Epic Muse

of Greece and Latium free from the barbarities of modern imitation.

“ It is against the metre—the metrical association and arrangement,—against the innovation, not the innovator, that the writer protests; the merits or demerits therefore of the *Vision of Judgement*, as a poem, he leaves to abler reviewers and to posterity. It will be read and admired by a few persons, just as the attempts of other Hexametrists have been. The experiments of Trissino, Sidney, and Spenser, produced a short-lived sensation, which perished with the sympathetic caprice of the times. The reputation of Mr. Southey may, even in the Georgian age, produce a parallel effect, but independent of the probable causes of the failure already stated, the poem itself, being an occasional one, is on that account also, more liable to forgetfulness.

“ *Via trita, via tuta*, is therefore as good a pass-word for the aspirant who would climb Parnassus, as for the humble pilgrim who plods along the beaten path of Prose. There is no necessity, indeed no apology, for attempting to revive those mishapen forms of Poetry,—those ‘*immodulata poemata*,’ which have long ago been laid to rest, shrouded in cobwebs and buried in the dust. Ennius may be pardoned his

imaginary metempsychosis, his *Somnia Pythagorea*, and assumption of the title, '*Alter Homerus*,' but the world would be loth now-a-days to allow the same privileges to an English Poet.

“ Had there been any good chance of imitating the classic hexameter, surely he (who by distinction among our Poets was called ‘divine,’) must have succeeded in the enterprise. Spenser however relinquished the hopeless task; and it is to be regretted that his example, in this respect at least, has not acted preventively upon his worthy successor.

“ In the farrago of metrical trash, which has been extracted from the modern Hexametrists of different countries, what is there worthy of example or remembrance either in the subjects or execution of their performances? Human nature is indeed so fickle in her intellectual operations, that the most absurd and impracticable speculations have ever found partisans ready to advocate their truth, and embark in the execution of them. But the career of such preposterous enterprises can neither be prosperous nor long. To wage war against the opinions of the wise and experienced, is to challenge the fate of poor Dick Tinto, who, after all his ill-spent time and labour, found himself ‘patronised by one or two of those judicious persons who make

a virtue of being singular and of pitching their own opinions against those of the world in matters of taste and criticism.' Ever since the Republic of Letters was established, innovators of one kind or other have endeavoured to supplant the sterling writers, not only of Greece and Rome, but of every civilised country. But when ingenuity or imitation can be foisted upon true scholarship, as the representative of original genius, the taste of the public must either be sadly perverted to relish what is bad, or be already satiated with that which is good.

“ There can now be little, or rather no honour conferred upon our own legitimate Muse, by an attempt to naturalise a bastard race of metre, which has been banished from the most enlightened countries of Europe. Within the last two centuries, literature, arms, and commerce have extended our vernacular tongue over a vast portion of the globe, and it is spreading still further. On this, if on no other account, it behoves the guardians of our native quarry to see that it maintains its proper excellence, and to recommend, as worthy of imitation, only such standard works of art or science, as may have received the repeated sanction of the scholar and critic. The arts are naturally imitative; they will, however, sometimes, from mistaken judgement or self-confidence, undertake to copy that which is

inimitable. We cannot, under any colouring or disguise, mistake the Muse of *modern* hexameter, for the original Calliope of Homer or Virgil.

“ In the preface to the *Vision of Judgement* Mr. Southey assures us that a desire to realize one of the hopes of his youth was one among the leading causes of his enterprise: to this motive might have been superadded the conscientious discharge of an official duty, and the public expression of his loyalty and attachment to the reigning sovereign. With these, or such like considerations, the imaginary apotheosis of our late revered monarch seems to have co-operated in the plan and execution of a poem, which cannot fail of giving offence to many serious and well-meaning persons. To dive into the mysteries of heaven, and to pronounce upon the eternal condition of departed kings or others, is unquestionably a bold, if not a presumptuous undertaking. But when this is carried on under the bias of political feelings, there is greater danger of its becoming erroneous, or digressing into what some might call impiety. It must, however, be remembered, that the ‘*Vision of Judgement*,’ is neither more nor less than a poet’s dream. Objections of a similar kind might apply to Dante or Milton and to the subjects of their great labours, and in short to all scriptural themes. It would be difficult, perhaps, to determine

in what manner the scenes of the Vision of Judgement could have been unobjectionably pourtrayed. But there is no reason why a gentleman and scholar like Mr. Southey (who cannot, any more than the rest of the world, be deemed infallible) should be loaded with abuse which would have been hardly justifiable had he published a series of poems as licentious as many of recent notoriety. No wonder, therefore, that the offended pride of the Laureate turns in disgust from the counsel of such unworthy rivals. When the civilities of learning cease to be cherished, admonition will become nauseous, and criticism will lose half its usefulness. It is, however, to be hoped, that no dispassionate inquirer will be ranked, even by the Laureate, among the *Duncery* of the Georgian age. At all events the Writer of the present remarks had rather accept an humble place among those whom King James has styled 'the docile bairnes of knowledge.' The Writer's stock in trade as a critic is poor and homely; a little recollection of the rules of prosody, accent, and rhythm, imprinted upon early memory by rod or ferula; an Etonian master and grammar — remnants of scanning and proving — an ordinary pair of ears, and lungs no better than those of other folks. These scanty materials have been exercised in the examination of the 'Vision of Judgement,' and conclusions very different from those of its author have

been deduced. And when the reader has perused the following eulogy by the Laureate upon the excellence of our blank verse, he will surely ask himself why that gentleman did not apply it in the composition of a poem, which, from the nature of its argument, embraced the terrible and sublime as well as the tender and pathetic. ‘Take our blank verse for all in all, in all its gradations, from the elaborate rhythm of Milton, down to its loosest structure in the early dramatists, and I believe that there is no measure comparable to it, either in our own or any other language, for might, and majesty, and flexibility, and compass.’ A host of authors might be brought in support of this panegyric upon English blank verse; but as it is against the *modern* hexametrists that the writer has waged a somewhat long (though as he trusts a friendly) warfare, he will now draw his last shaft from the quiver of honest old Puttenham, and when he has shot it, will hang up his bow and shake hands with the Laureate. ‘Now, peradventure, with us Englishmen, it be somewhat too late to admit a new invention of feete and times, that our forefathers never used, nor ever observed till this day, either in their measures or in their pronounciation, and perchance will seem in us a presumptuous part to attempt; considering also it would be hard to find *many men* to like *one man’s* choice, in the limitation of times and quantities

of words, with which not one, but every eare, is to be pleased and made a particular judge; being most truly said that a multitude, or commonality, is hard to please and easy to offend. And therefore I intend not to proceed any further in this curiositye, than to shew the small subtilty that any other hath yet done, and not by imitation but by observation; not to the intent to have it *put in execution* in our vulgar Poesie, but to be pleasantly scanned upon, as are all novelties so frivolous and ridiculous as it.' "

After thanking Mr. Tillbrook for sending me his pamphlet, and for explaining what I should else have been sorry to notice, that it contained no intimation of the personal acquaintance and mutual goodwill which had so long subsisted between us, I addressed to him the following cursory remarks in reply to his observations.

" The greater part of your Treatise is employed in very ably and pleasantly supplying the deficiencies of my Preface, in points whercin it was necessarily deficient because I was out of reach of materials. The remarks which are directed against my own hexameters appear to me altogether ill-founded. You try the measure by Greek and Latin

prosody: you might as well try me by the Laws of Solon, or the Twelve Tables. I have distinctly stated that the English hexameter is not constructed upon those canons, but bears the same relation to the ancient, that our heroic line does to the iambic verse. I have explained the principle of adaptation which I had chosen, and by that principle the measure ought to be judged.

“ You bring forward arguments which are derived from music. But it by no means follows that a principle which holds good in music, should therefore be applicable to metre. The arts of music and poetry are essentially distinct, and I have had opportunities of observing that very skilful musicians may be as utterly without ear for metre, as I am myself without ear for music. If these arguments were valid, they would apply to the German hexameter as well as to the English; but the measure is as firmly established among the Germans as blank verse is with us, and having been sanctioned by the practice of their best poets, can never become obsolete so long as the works of Voss, and Göethe, and Schiller are remembered, that is, as long as the language lasts.

“Twice you have remarked upon the length of the verse as occasioning a difficulty in reading it aloud. Surely you have taken up this argument with little consideration, because it lay upon the surface. It is doubly fallacious: first, upon your own principle; for if the English verse is not isochronous with the Latin, it must be shorter; and secondly, because the breath is regulated in reading by the length of the sentence, not by that of the verse.

“Why did you bring against my trochee in the fifth place, an argument just as applicable to the spondaic verse, and which, indeed, is only saying that a versifyer who writes without any regard to effect, may produce very bad verses? You might as well object to the Alexandrine that it admits of twelve monosyllables. And how is it that you, who know Glaramara so well, should have made me answerable for a vowel dropt at the press?

“You have dealt fairly in not selecting single lines, which taken singly would be unfavourable specimens; but methinks you should have exhibited one extract of sufficient length to show the effect of the measure. I certainly think that any paragraph of

the poem containing from ten lines upward would confute all the reasoning which you have advanced, or which any one could adduce against the experiment.

“ But I have done. It is a question *de gustibus*, and therefore interminable. The proof of the pudding must be in the eating ; and not all the reasoning in the world will ever persuade any one that the pudding which he dislikes is a good pudding, or that the pudding which pleases his palate and agrees with his stomach can be a bad one. I am glad that I have made the experiment, and quite satisfied with the result. The critics who write and who talk are with you ; so I dare say are the whole posse of schoolmasters. The women, the young poets, and the *docile bairns* are with me.

“ I thank you for speaking kindly and considerately concerning the subject of the Vision, and remain,

“ My dear Sir,

“ Yours very truly,

“ ROBERT SOUTHHEY.

“ Keswick, 17th June, 1822.”

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE

TO

WATERLOO.

ΕΥΑΝΘΕΑ Δ' ΑΝΑΒΑΣΟΜΑΙ
ΣΤΟΛΟΝ ΑΜΦ' ἈΡΕΤῃ
ΚΕΛΑΔΕΪΩΝ.

PINDAR, *Pyth.* 2.

TO
JOHN MAY,
AFTER A FRIENDSHIP OF TWENTY YEARS,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED
IN TESTIMONY OF THE HIGHEST ESTEEM AND
AFFECTION,
BY
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ARGUMENT

THE first part of this Poem describes a journey to the scene of war. The second is in an allegorical form; it exposes the gross material philosophy which has been the guiding principle of the French politicians, from Mirabeau to Buonaparte; and it states the opinions of those persons who lament the restoration of the Bourbons, because the hopes which they entertained from the French Revolution have not been realized: and of those who see only evil, or blind chance, in the course of human events.

To the Christian philosopher all things are consistent and clear. Our first parents brought with them the light of natural religion and the moral law; as men departed from these, they tended towards barbarous and savage life; large portions of the world are in this degenerated state; still, upon the great scale, the human race, from the beginning, has been progressive. But the direct object of Buonaparte was to establish a military despotism wherever his power extended; and the immediate and inevitable consequence of such a system is to brutalize and degrade mankind. The contest in which this country was engaged against that Tyrant, was a struggle between good and evil principles, and never was there a victory so important to the best hopes of human nature as that which was won by British valour at Waterloo, . . its effects extending over the whole civilized world, and involving the vital interests of all mankind.

That victory leaves England in security and peace. In no age and in no country has man ever existed under circumstances so favourable to the full development of his moral and intellectual faculties; as in England at this time. The peace which she has won by the battle of Waterloo, leaves her at leisure to pursue the great objects and duties of bettering her own condition, and diffusing the blessings of civilization and Christianity.

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE

PROEM.

PROEM.

1.

ONCE more I see thee, Skiddaw ! once again
Behold thee in thy majesty serene,
Where like the bulwark of this favour'd plain,
Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene . . .
Thou glorious Mountain, on whose ample breast
The sunbeams love to play, the vapours love to rest !

2.

Once more, O Derwent, to thy awful shores
I come, insatiate of the accustom'd sight ;
And listening as the eternal torrent roars,
Drink in with eye and ear a fresh delight :
For I have wander'd far by land and sea,
In all my wanderings still remembering thee.

3.

Twelve years, (how large a part of man's brief day !)
Nor idly, nor ingloriously spent,
Of evil and of good have held their way,
Since first upon thy banks I pitch'd my tent.
Hither I came in manhood's active prime,
And here my head hath felt the touch of time.

4.

Heaven hath with goodly increase blest me here,
Where childless and opprest with grief I came;
With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere

Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim:
Here I possess, . . what more should I require?
Books, children, leisure, . . all my heart's desire.

5.

O joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, "They come, they
come!"

And hope's impatience quicken'd every eye!
"Never had man whom Heaven would heap with bliss
More glad return, more happy hour than this."

6.

Aloft on yonder bench, with arms disspread,
My boy stood, shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;

And there, a younger group, his sisters came:
Smiling they stood with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

7.

Soon each and all came crouding round to share
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were there!

And when those overflowings of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer deeper happiness.

8.

The young companion of our weary way
 Found here the end desired of all her ills;
 She who in sickness pining many a day
 Hunger'd and thirsted for her native hills,
 Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain,
 Rejoiced to see her own dear home again.

9.

Recover'd now, the homesick mountaineer
 Sate by the playmate of her infancy,
 Her twin-like comrade, . . render'd doubly dear
 For that long absence : full of life was she,
 With voluble discourse and eager mien
 Telling of all the wonders she had seen.

10.

Here silently between her parents stood
 My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove ;
 And gently oft from time to time she'woo'd
 Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
 With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
 Soliciting again the wish'd caress.

11.

The younger twain in wonder lost were they,
 My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel :
 Long of our promised coming, day by day
 It had been their delight to hear and tell ;
 And now when that long-promised hour was come,
 Surprise and wakening memory held them dumb.

12.

For in the infant mind, as in the old,
When to its second childhood life declines,
A dim and troubled power doth Memory hold :
But soon the light of young Remembrance shines
Renew'd, and influences of dormant love
Waken'd within, with quickening influence move.

13.

O happy season theirs, when absence brings
Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
Yet at the present object love re-springs,
As night-closed flowers at morn expand again !
Nor deem our second infancy unblest,
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

14.

Soon they grew blithe as they were wont to be ;
Her old endearments each began to seek :
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek ;
With voice and touch and look reviving thus
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

15.

But there stood one whose heart could entertain
And comprehend the fullness of the joy ;
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only and his studious boy :
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had watch'd his
infancy.

16.

Bring forth the treasures now, . . a proud display, . .
 For rich as Eastern merchants we return !
 Behold the black Beguine, the Sister grey,
 The Friars whose heads with sober motion turn,
 The Ark well-fill'd with all its numerous hives,
 Noah and Shem and Ham and Japhet, and their wives.

17.

The tumbler, loose of limb; the wrestlers twain ;
 And many a toy beside of quaint device,
 Which, when his fleecy troops no more can gain
 Their pasture on the mountains hoar with ice,
 The German shepherd carves with curious knife,
 Earning in easy toil the food of frugal life.

18.

It was a group which Richter, had he view'd,
 Might have deem'd worthy of his perfect skill ;
 The keen impatience of the younger brood,
 Their eager eyes and fingers never still ;
 The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy
 Of those glad girls, and that vociferous boy !

19.

The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
 Who in their pleasure finds her own delight ;
 The mother's heart-felt happiness the while ;
 The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight ;
 And he who in his gaiety of heart,
 With glib and noisy tongue perform'd the showman's
 part.

20.

Scoff ye who will ! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day !
For so that inward light by Nature given
Shall still direct, and cheer me on my way,
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

21.

This was the morning light vouchsafed, which led
My favour'd footsteps to the Muses' hill,
Whose arduous paths I have not ceased to tread,
From good to better persevering still ;
And if but self-approved, to praise or blame
Indifferent, while I toil for lasting fame.

And O ye nymphs of Castaly divine !
Whom I have dutifully served so long,
Benignant to your votary now incline,
That I may win your ear with gentle song,
Such as, I ween, is ne'er disown'd by you, . .
A low prelusive strain, to nature true.

23.

But when I reach at themes of loftier thought,
And tell of things surpassing earthly sense,
(Which by yourselves, O Muses, I am taught,)
Then aid me with your fuller influence,
And to the height of that great argument,
Support my spirit in her strong ascent !

24.

So may I boldly round my temples bind
The laurel which my master Spenser wore;
And free in spirit as the mountain wind
That makes my symphony in this lone hour,
No perishable song of triumph raise,
But sing in worthy strains my Country's praise.

THE POETS PILGRIMAGE.

PART I.

THE JOURNEY.

ΤῶΝ ΠΟΛΥΚΤΟΝΩΝ ΓΑΡ
'ΟΥΚ 'ΑΣΚΟΠΟΙ ΘΕΟΙ.

ÆSCHYLUS.

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

FLANDERS.

1.

OUR world hath seen the work of war's debate
 Consummated in one momentous day
 Twice in the course of time ; and twice the fate
 Of unborn 'ages hung upon the fray :
 First at Platæa, in that awful hour
 When Greece united smote the Persian's power.

2.

For had the Persian triumph'd, then the spring
 Of knowledge from that living source had ceast ;
 All would have fallen before the barbarous King,
 Art, Science, Freedom ; the despotic East,
 Setting her mark upon the race subdued,
 Had stamp'd them in the mould 'of sensual servitude.

3.

The second day was that when Martel broke
The Musselmen, delivering France opprest,
And in one mighty conflict, from the yoke
Of misbelieving Mecca saved the West ;
Else had the Impostor's law destroy'd the ties
Of public weal and private charities.

4.

Such was the danger when that Man of Blood
Burst from the iron Isle, and brought again,
Like Satan rising from the sulphurous flood,
His impious legions to the battle plain :
Such too was our deliverance when the field
Of Waterloo beheld his fortunes yield.

5.

I, who with faith unshaken from the first,
Even when the Tyrant seem'd to touch the skies,
Had look'd to see the high-blown bubble burst,
And for a fall conspicuous as his rise,
Even in that faith had look'd not for defeat
So swift, so overwhelming, so complete.

6.

Me most of all men it behoved to raise
The strain of triumph for this foe subdued,
To give a voice to joy, and in my lays
Exalt a nation's hymn of gratitude,
And blazon forth in song that day's renown, . .
For I was graced with England's laurel crown.

7.

And as I once had journey'd to behold
Far off, Ourique's consecrated field,
Where Portugal the faithful and the bold
Assumed the symbols of her sacred shield,
More reason now that I should bend my way
The field of British glory to survey.

8.

So forth I set upon this pilgrimage,
And took the partner of my life with me,
And one dear girl, just ripe enough of age
Retentively to see what I should see ;
That thus with mutual recollections fraught,
We might bring home a store for after-thought.

9.

We left our pleasant Land of Lakes, and went
Throughout whole England's length, a weary way,
Even to the farthest shores of eastern Kent :
Embarking there upon an autumn day,
Toward Ostend we held our course all night,
And anchor'd by its quay at morning's earliest light.

10.

Small vestige there of that old siege appears,
And little of remembrance would be found,
When for the space of three long painful years
The persevering Spaniard girt it round,
And gallant youths of many a realm from far
Went students to that busy school of war.

11.

Yet still those wars of obstinate defence
Their lessons offer to the soldier's hand ;
Large knowledge may the statesman draw from thence ;
And still from underneath the drifted sand,
Sometimes the storm, or passing foot lays bare
Part of the harvest Death has gather'd there.

12.

Peace be within thy walls, thou famous town,
For thy brave bearing in those times of old ;
May plenty thy industrious children crown,
And prosperous merchants day by day behold
Many a rich vessel from the injurious sea,
Enter the bosom of thy quiet quay.

13.

Embarking there, we glided on between
Strait banks raised high above the level land,
With many a cheerful dwelling white and green
In goodly neighbourhood on either hand.
Huge-timber'd bridges o'er the passage lay,
Which wheel'd aside and gave us easy way.

14.

Four horses, aided by the favouring breeze,
Drew our gay vessel, slow and sleek and large ;
Crack goes the whip, the steersman at his ease
Directs the way, and steady went the barge.
Ere evening closed to Bruges thus we came, . .
Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame.

15.

The season of her splendour is gone by,
Yet every where its monuments remain ;
Temples which rear their stately heads on high,
Canals that intersect the fertile plain,
Wide streets and squares, with many a court and hall
Spacious and undefaced, but ancient all.

16.

Time hath not wrong'd her, nor hath Ruin sought
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days with evil fraught,
When Mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose the fierce and many-headed beast.

17.

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecay'd ;
Like our first sires', a beautiful old age
Is hers, in venerable years array'd ;
And yet to her benignant stars may bring,
What fate denies to man, . . a second spring.

18.

When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If Fancy would pourtray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee.

19.

Nor did thy landscape yield me less delight,
Seen from the deck as slow it glided by,
Or when beneath us, from thy Belfroy's height,
Its boundless circle met the bending sky;
The waters smooth and straight, thy proper boast,
And lines of road-side trees in long perspective lost.

20.

No happier landscape may on earth be seen,
Rich gardens all around and fruitful groves,
White dwellings trim relieved with lively green,
The pollard that the Flemish painter loves,
With aspens tall and poplars fair to view,
Casting o'er all the land a grey and willowy hue.

21.

My lot hath lain in scenes sublime and rude,
Where still devoutly I have served and sought
The Power divine which dwells in solitude.
In boyhood was I wont, with rapture fraught,
Amid those rocks and woods to wander free,
Where Avon hastens to the Severn sea.

22.

In Cintra also have I dwelt erewhile,
That earthly Eden, and have seen at eve
The sea-mists, gathering round its mountain pile,
Whelm with their billows all below, but leave
One pinnacle sole seen, whereon it stood
Like the Ark on Ararat, above the flood.

23.

And now am I a Cumbrian mountaineer ;
Their wintry garment of unsullied snow
The mountains have put on, the heavens are clear,
And yon dark lake spreads silently below ;
Who sees them only in their summer hour [power.
Sees but their beauties half, and knows not half their

24.

Yet hath the Flemish scene a charm for me
That soothes and wins upon the willing heart ;
Though all is level as the sleeping sea,
A natural beauty springs from perfect art,
And something more than pleasure fills the breast,
To see how well-directed toil is blest.

25.

Two nights have past ; the morning opens well,
Fair are the aspects of the favouring sky ;
Soon yon sweet chimes the appointed hour will tell,
For here to music Time moves merrily :
Aboard ! aboard ! no more must we delay, . .
Farewell, good people of the *Fleur de Bled* !

26.

Beside the busy wharf the Trekschuit rides,
With painted plumes and tent-like awning gay ;
Carts, barrows, coaches, hurry from all sides,
And passengers and porters throng the way,
Contending all at once in clamorous speech,
French, Flemish, English, each confusing each.

27.

All disregardant of the Babel sound,

A swan kept oaring near with upraised eye, . .
A beauteous pensioner, who daily found

The bounty of such casual company ;
Nor left us till the bell said all was done,
And slowly we our watry way begun.

28.

Europe can boast no richer, goodlier scene,

Than that through which our pleasant passage lay,
By fertile fields and fruitful gardens green,

The journey of a short autumnal day ;
Sleek well-fed steeds our steady vessel drew,
The heavens were fair, and Mirth was of our crew.

29.

Along the smooth canal's unbending line,

Beguiling time with light discourse, we went,
Nor wanting savoury food nor generous wine.

Ashore too there was feast and merriment ;
The jovial peasants at some village fair
Were dancing, drinking, smoking, gambling there.

30.

Of these, or of the ancient towers of Ghent

Renown'd, I must not tarry now to tell ;
Of picture, or of church, or monument ;

Nor how we mounted to that ponderous bell,
The Belfroy's boast, which bears old Roland's name,
Nor yields to Oxford Tom, or Tom of Lincoln's fame.

31.

Nor of that sisterhood whom to their rule
Of holy life no hasty vows restrain,
Who, meek disciples of the Christian school,
Watch by the bed of sickness and of pain :
Oh what a strength divine doth Faith impart
To inborn goodness in the female heart !

32.

A gentle party from the shores of Kent
Thus far had been our comrades as befell ;
Fortune had link'd us first, and now Consent, . .
For why should Choice divide whom Chanceso well
Had join'd, and they to view the famous ground,
Like us, were to the Field of Battle bound.

33.

Farther as yet they look'd not than that quest, . .
The land was all before them where to choose.
So we consorted here as seemed best ;
Who would such pleasant fellowship refuse
Of ladies fair and gentle comrades free ? . .
Certes we were a joyous company.

34.

Yet lack'd we not discourse for graver times,
Such as might suit sage auditors, I ween ;
For some among us, in far distant climes
The citics and the ways of men had seen ;
No unobservant travellers they, but well
Of what they there had learnt they knew to tell.

35.

The one of frozen Moscovy could speak,
And well his willing listeners entertain
With tales of that inclement region bleak,
The pageantry and pomp of Catherine's reign,
And that proud city, which with wise intent
The mighty founder raised, his own great monument.

36.

And one had dwelt with Malabars and Moors,
Where fertile earth and genial heaven dispense
Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores ;
Whate'er delights the eye, or charms the sense,
The vallies with perpetual fruitage blest,
The mountains with unfading foliage drest.

37.

He those barbaric palaces had seen,
The work of Eastern potentates of old ;
And in the Temples of the Rock had been,
Awe-struck their dread recesses to behold ;
A gifted hand was his, which by its skill [will.
Could to the eye pourtray such wondrous scenes at

38.

A third, who from the Land of Lakes with me
Went out upon this pleasant pilgrimage,
Had sojourn'd long beyond the Atlantic sea ;
Adventurous was his spirit as his age,
For he in far Brazil, through wood and waste,
Had travell'd many a day, and there his heart was
placed.

39.

Wild region, . . happy if at night he found
The shelter of some rude Tapuya's shed ;
Else would he take his lodgement on the ground,
Or from the tree suspend his hardy bed ;
And sometimes starting at the jaguar's cries,
See through the murky night the prowler's fiery eyes.

40.

And sometimes over thirsty deserts drear,
And sometimes over flooded plains he went ;..
A joy it was his fire-side tales to hear,
And he a comrade to my heart's content :
For he of what I most desired could tell,
And loved the Portugals because he knew them well.

41.

Here to the easy barge we bade adieu ;
Land-travellers now along the well-paved way,
Where road-side trees still lengthening on the view,
Before us and behind unvarying lay :
Through lands well labour'd to Alost we came,
Where whilome treachery stain'd the English name.

42.

Then saw we Afflighem, by ruin rent,
Whose venerable fragments strew the land ;
Grown wise too late, the multitude lament
The ravage of their own unhappy hand ;
Its records in their frenzy torn and tost,
Its precious stores of learning wreck'd and lost.

43.

Whatever else we saw was chearful all,
The signs of steady labour well repaid ;
The grapes were ripe on every cottage wall,
And merry peasants seated in the shade
Of garner, or within the open door,
From gather'd hop-vines pluck'd the plenteous store.

44.

Through Assche for water and for cakes renown'd
We pass'd, pursuing still our way, though late ;
And when the shades of night were closing round,
Brussels received us through her friendly gate, ..
Proud city, fated many a change to see,
And now the seat of new-made monarchy.

II.

BRUSSELS.

1.

WHERE might a gayer spectacle be found
 Than Brussels offer'd on that festive night,
 Her squares and palaces irradiate round
 To welcome the imperial Moscovite,
 Who now, the wrongs of Europe twice redress'd,
 Came there a welcome and a glorious guest ?

2.

Her mile-long avenue with lamps was hung,
 Innumerable, which diffused a light like day ;
 Where through the line of splendour, old and young
 Paraded all in festival array ;
 While fiery barges, plying to and fro,
 Illumined as they moved the liquid glass below.

3.

By day with hurrying crowds the streets were throng'd,
 To gain of this great Czar a passing sight ;
 And music, dance, and banquetings prolong'd
 The various work of pleasure through the night.
 You might have deem'd, to see that joyous town,
 That wretchedness and pain were there unknown.

4.

Yet three short months had scarcely pass'd away,
Since, shaken with the approaching battle's breath,
Her inmost chambers trembled with dismay ;
And now within her walls, insatiate Death,
Devourer whom no harvest e'er can fill,
The gleanings of that field was gathering still.

5.

Within those walls there linger'd at that hour
Many a brave soldier on the bed of pain,
Whom aid of human art should ne'er restore
To see his country and his friends again ;
And many a victim of that fell debate
Whose life yet waver'd in the scales of fate.

6.

Some I beheld, for whom the doubtful scale
Had to the side of life inclined at length ;
Emaciate was their form, their features pale,
The limbs so vigorous late, bereft of strength ;
And for their gay habiliments of yore,
The habit of the House of Pain they wore.

7.

Some in the courts of that great hospital,
That they might taste the sun and open air,
Crawl'd out ; or sate beneath the southern wall ;
Or leaning in the gate, stood gazing there
In listless guise upon the passers by,
Whiling away the hours of slow recovery.

8.

Others in waggons borne abroad I saw,
Albeit recovering, still a mournful sight :
Languid and helpless some were stretch'd on straw,
Some more advanced sustain'd themselves upright,
And with bold eye and careless front, methought,
Seem'd to set wounds and death again at nought.

9.

Well had it fared with these ; nor went it ill
With those whom war had of a limb bereft,
Leaving the life untouch'd, that they had still
Enough for health as for existence left ;
But some there were who lived to draw the breath
Of pain through hopeless years of lingering death.

10.

Here might the hideous face of war be seen,
Stript of all pomp, adornment, and disguise ;
It was a dismal spectacle I ween,
Such as might well to the beholders' eyes
Bring sudden tears, and make the pious mind
Grieve for the crimes and follies of mankind.

11.

What had it been then in the recent days
Of that great triumph, when the open wound
Was festering, and along the crowded ways,
Hour after hour was heard the incessant sound
Of wheels, which o'er the rough and stony road
Convey'd their living agonizing load !

12.

Hearts little to the melting mood inclined

Grew sick to see their sufferings; and the thought
Still comes with horror to the shuddering mind

Of those sad days when Belgian ears were taught
The British soldier's cry, half groan, half prayer,
Breathed when his pain is more than he can bear.

13.

Brave spirits, nobly had their part been done!

Brussels could show, where Senne's slow waters
glide,

The cannon which their matchless valour won,

Proud trophies of the field, ranged side by side,
Where as they stood in inoffensive row,
The solitary guard paced to and fro.

14.

Unconscious instruments of human woe,

Some for their mark the royal lilies bore,
Fix'd there when Britain was the Bourbon's foe;

And some emboss'd in brazen letters wore
The sign of that abhorr'd misrule, which broke
The guilty nation for a Tyrant's yoke.

15.

Others were stampt with that Usurper's name, . .

Recorders thus of many a change were they,
Their deadly work through every change the same;

Nor ever had they seen a bloodier day,
Than when as their late thunders roll'd around,
Brabant in all her cities felt the sound.

16.

Then ceased their occupation. From the field
Of battle here in triumph were they brought;
Ribands and flowers and laurels half conceal'd
Their brazen mouths, so late with ruin fraught;
Women beheld them pass with joyful eyes,
And children clapt their hands and rent the air with
cries.

17.

Now idly on the banks of Senne they lay,
Like toys with which a child is pleased no more :
Only the British traveller bends his way
To see them on that unfrequented shore,
And as a mournful feeling blends with pride,
Remembers those who fought, and those who died.

III.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

1.

SOUTHWARD from Brussels lies the field of blood,
Some three hours' journey for a well-girt man ;
A horseman who in haste pursued his road
Would reach it as the second hour began.
The way is through a forest deep and wide,
Extending many a mile on either side.

2.

No chearful woodland this of antic trees,
With thickets varied and with sunny glade ;
Look where he will, the weary traveller sees
One gloomy, thick, impenetrable shade
Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight,
With interchange of lines of long green light.

3.

Here, where the woods receding from the road
Have left on either hand an open space
For fields and gardens and for man's abode,
Stands Waterloo ; a little lowly place,
Obscure till now, when it hath risen to fame,
And given the victory its English name.

4.

What time the second Carlos ruled in Spain,
Last of the Austrian line by Fate decreed,
Here Castanaca reared a votive fane,
Praying the Patron Saints to bless with seed
His childless sovereign ; Heaven denied an heir,
And Europe mourn'd in blood the frustrate prayer.

5.

That temple to our hearts was hallow'd now :
For many a wounded Briton there was laid,
With such poor help as time might then allow
From the fresh carnage of the field convey'd ;
And they whom human succours could not save,
Here in its precincts found a hasty grave.

6.

And here on marble tablets set on high,
In English lines by foreign workmen traced,
Are names familiar to an English eye ;
Their brethren here the fit memorials placed,
Whose unadorn'd inscriptions briefly tell
Their gallant comrades' rank, and where they fell.

7.

The stateliest monument of public pride,
Enrich'd with all magnificence of art,
To honour Chieftains who in victory died,
Would wake no stronger feeling in the heart
Than these plain tablets, by the soldier's hand
Raised to his comrades in a foreign land.

8.

Not far removed you find the burial-ground,
Yet so that skirts of woodland intervene ;
A small enclosure, rudely fenced around ;
Three grave-stones only for the dead are seen :
One bears the name of some rich villager,
The first for whom a stone was planted there.

9.

Beneath the second is a German laid,
Whom Bremen, shaking off the Frenchman's yoke,
Sent with her sons the general cause to aid ;
He in the fight received his mortal stroke,
Yet for his country's aggravated woes
Lived to see vengeance on her hated foes.

10.

A son of Erin sleeps below the third ;
By friendly hands his body where it lay
Upon the field of blood had been interr'd,
And thence by those who mourn'd him borne away
In pious reverence for departed worth,
Laid here with holy rites in consecrated earth.

11.

Repose in peace, brave soldiers, who have found
In Waterloo and Soigny's shade your rest !
Ere this hath British valour made that ground
Sacred to you, and for your foes unblest,
When Marlborough here, victorious in his might
Surprized the French, and smote them in their flight.

12.

Those wars are as a tale of times gone by,
For so doth perishable fame decay, . .
Here on the ground wherein the slaughter'd lie,
The memory of that fight is pass'd away ; . .
And even our glorious Blenheim to the field
Of Waterloo and Wellington must yield.

13.

Soon shall we reach that scene of mighty deeds,
In one unbending line a short league hence ;
Aright the forest from the road recedes,
With wide sweep trending south and westward
thence ;
Aleft along the line it keeps its place,
Some half hour's distance at a traveller's pace.

14.

The country here expands, a wide-spread scene ;
No Flemish gardens fringed with willows these,
Nor rich Brabantine pastures ever green,
With trenches lined and rows of aspin trees ;
In tillage here the unwooded open land
Returns its increase to the farmer's hand.

15.

Behold the scene where Slaughter had full sway !
A mile before us lieth Mount St. John,
The hamlet which the Highlanders that day
Preserved from spoil ; yet as much farther on
The single farm is placed, now known to fame,
Which from the sacred hedge derives its name.

16.

Straight onward yet for one like distance more,
And there the house of Belle Alliance stands,
So named, I guess, by some in days of yore,
In friendship or in wedlock joining hands :
Little did they who call'd it thus foresee
The place that name should hold in history !

17.

Beyond these points the fight extended not . .
Small theatre for such a tragedy !
Its breadth scarce more, from eastern Papelot
To where the groves of Hougoumont on high
Rear in the west their venerable head,
And cover with their shade the countless dead.

18.

But wouldst thou tread this celebrated ground,
And trace with understanding eyes a scene
Above all other fields of war renown'd,
From western Hougoumont thy way begin ;
There was our strength on that side, and there first.
In all its force, the storm of battle burst.

19.

Strike eastward then across toward La Haye,
The single farm : with dead the fields between
Are lined, and thou wilt see upon the way
Long wave-like dips and swells which intervene,
Such as would breathe the war-horse, and impede,
When that deep soil was wet, his martial speed.

20.

This is the ground whereon the young Nassau,
Emuling that day his ancestors' renown,
Received his hurt; admiring Belgium saw
The youth proved worthy of his destined crown :
All tongues his prowess on that day proclaim,
And children lisp his praise and bless their Prince's
name.

21.

When thou hast reach'd La Haye, survey it well,
Here was the heat and centre of the strife ;
This point must Britain hold whate'er befell,
And here both armies were profuse of life :
Once it was lost, . . and then a stander by
Belike had trembled for the victory.

22.

Not so the leader, on whose equal mind
Such interests hung in that momentous day ;
So well had he his motley troops assign'd,
That where the vital points of action lay,
There had he placed those soldiers whom he knew
No fears could quail, no dangers could subdue.

23.

Small was his British force, nor had he here
The Portugals, in heart so near allied,
The worthy comrades of his late career,
Who fought so oft and conquer'd at his side,
When with the Red Cross join'd in brave advance,
The glorious Quinas mock'd the air of France.

24.

Now of the troops with whom he took the field,
Some were of doubtful faith, and others raw ;
He station'd these where they might stand or yield ;
But where the stress of battle he foresaw,
There were his links (his own strong words I speak)
And rivets which no human force could break.

25.

O my brave countrymen, ye answer'd well
To that heroic trust ! Nor less did ye,
Whose worth your grateful country aye shall tell,
True children of our sister Germany,
Who while she groan'd beneath the oppressor's chain,
Fought for her freedom in the fields of Spain.

26.

La Haye, bear witness ! sacred is it hight,
And sacred is it truly from that day ;
For never braver blood was spent in fight
Than Britain here hath mingled with the clay.
Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce canst tread
Here on a spot unhallow'd by the dead.

27.

Here was it that the Highlanders withstood
The tide of hostile power, received its weight
With resolute strength, and stemm'd and turn'd the
flood ;
And fitly here, as in that Grecian straight,
The funeral stone might say, Go, traveller, tell
Scotland, that in our duty here we fell.

28.

Still eastward from this point thy way pursue.

There grows a single hedge along the lane, . .
No other is there far or near in view :

The raging enemy essay'd in vain
To pass that line, . . a braver foe withstood,
And this whole ground was moisten'd with their blood.

29.

Leading his gallant men as he was wont,

The hot assailants' onset to repel,
Advancing hat in hand, here in the front

Of battle and of danger, Picton fell ;
Lamented Chief ! than whom no braver name
His country's annals shall consign to fame.

30.

Scheldt had not seen us, had his voice been heard,

Return with shame from her disastrous coast :
But Fortune soon to fairer fields preferr'd

His worth approved, which Cambria long may boast :
France felt him then, and Portugal and Spain
His honour'd memory will for aye retain.

31.

Hence to the high-wall'd house of Papelot,

The battle's boundary on the left, incline ;
Here thou seest Frischermont not far remote,

From whence, like ministers of wrath divine,
The Prussians issuing on the yielding foe,
Consummated their great and total overthrow.

32.

Deem not that I the martial skill should boast
Where horse and foot were station'd here to tell,
What points were occupied by either host,
And how the battle raged, and what befell,
And how our great Commander's eagle eye
Which comprehended all, secured the victory.

33.

This were the historian's, not the poet's part ;
Such task would ill the gentle Muse beseem,
Who to the thoughtful mind and pious heart,
Comes with her offering from this awful theme ;
Content if what she saw and gather'd there
She may in unambitious song declare.

34.

Look how upon the Ocean's treacherous face
The breeze and summer sunshine softly play,
And the green-heaving billows bear no trace
Of all the wrath and wreck of yesterday ; . .
So from the field which here we look'd upon,
The vestiges of dreadful war were gone.

35.

Earth had received into her silent womb
Her slaughter'd creatures: horse and man they lay,
And friend and foe, within the general tomb.
Equal had been their lot ; one fatal day
For all, . . one labour, . . and one place of rest
They found within their common parent's breast.

36.

The passing seasons had not yet effaced

The stamp of numerous hoofs impress'd by force
Of cavalry, whose path might still be traced.

Yet Nature every where resumed her course ;
Low pansies to the sun their purple gave,
And the soft poppy blossom'd on the grave.

37.

In parts the careful farmer had renew'd

His labours, late by battle frustrated ;
And where the unconscious soil had been imbued

With blood, profusely there like water shed,
There had his plough-share turn'd the guilty ground,
And the green corn was springing all around.

38.

The graves he left for natural thought humane

Untouch'd ; and here and there where in the strife
Contending feet had trampled down the grain,

Some hardier roots were found, which of their life
Tenacious, had put forth a second head,
And sprung, and ear'd, and ripen'd on the dead.

39.

Some marks of wreck were scatter'd all around,

As shoe, and belt, and broken bandoleer,
And hats which bore the mark of mortal wound ;

Gun-flints and balls for those who closelier peer ;
And sometimes did the breeze upon its breath
Bear from ill-cover'd graves a taint of death.

40.

More vestige of destructive man was seen
Where man in works of peace had labour'd more ;
At Hougoumont the hottest strife had been,
Where trees and walls the mournful record bore
Of war's wild rage, trunks pierced with many a wound,
And roofs and half-burnt rafters on the ground.

41.

A goodly mansion this, with gardens fair,
And ancient groves and fruitful orchard wide,
Its dove-cot and its decent house of prayer,
Its ample stalls and garners well supplied,
And spacious bartons clean, well-wall'd around,
Where all the wealth of rural life was found,

42.

That goodly mansion on the ground was laid,
Save here and there a blacken'd broken wall ;
The wounded who were borne beneath its shade
Had there been crush'd and buried by the fall ;
And there they lie where they received their doom,
Oh let no hand disturb that honourable tomb !

43.

Contiguous to this wreck the little fane
For worship hallow'd, still uninjured stands,
Save that its Crucifix displays too plain
The marks of outrage from irreverent hands.
Alas, to think such irreligious deed
Of wrong from British soldiers should proceed !

44.

The dove-cot too remains ; scared at the fight
The birds sought shelter in the forest shade ;
But still they kept their native haunts in sight,
And when few days their terror had allay'd,
Forsook again the solitary wood,
For their old home and human neighbourhood.

45.

The gardener's dwelling was untouch'd ; his wife
Fled with her children to some near retreat,
And there lay trembling for her husband's life :
He stood the issue, saw the foe's retreat,
And lives unhurt where thousands fell around,
To tell the story of that famous ground.

46.

His generous dog was well approved that hour,
By courage as by love to man allied ;
He through the fiery storm and iron shower
Kept the ground bravely by his master's side :
And now when to the stranger's hand he draws,
The noble beast seems conscious of applause.

47.

Toward the grove the wall with musket holes
Is pierced ; our soldiers here their station held
Against the foe, and many were the souls
Then from their fleshly tenements expell'd.
Six hundred Frenchmen have been burnt close by,
And underneath onemound their bones and ashes lie.

48.

One streak of blood upon the wall was traced,
In length a man's just stature from the head;
There where it gush'd you saw it uneffaced :
Of all the blood which on that day was shed
This mortal stain alone remain'd impress'd, . .
The all-devouring earth had drunk the rest.

49.

Here from the heaps who strew'd the fatal plain
Was Howard's corse by faithful hands convey'd,
And not to be confounded with the slain,
Here in a grave apart with reverence laid,
Till hence his honour'd relics o'er the seas
Were borne to England, there to rest in peace.

50.

Another grave had yielded up its dead,
From whence to bear his son a father came,
That he might lay him where his own grey head
Ere long must needs be laid. That soldier's name
Was not remember'd there, yet may the verse
Present this reverent tribute to his herse.

51.

Was it a soothing or a mournful thought
Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood,
Where armies had with recent fury fought,
To mark how gentle Nature still pursued
Her quiet course, as if she took no care
For what her noblest work had suffer'd there?

52.

The pears had ripen'd on the garden wall ;
Those leaves which on the autumnal earth were
spread,
The trees, though pierced and scarr'd with many a ball,
Had only in their natural season shed :
Flowers were in seed whose buds to swell began
When such wild havoc here was made of man !

53.

Throughout the garden, fruits and herbs and flowers
You saw in growth, or ripeness, or decay ;
The green and well-trimm'd dial mark'd the hours
With gliding shadow as they pass'd away ;
Who would have thought, to see this garden fair,
Such horrors had so late been acted there !

54.

Now Hougoumont, farewell to thy domain !
Might I dispose of thee, no woodman's hand
Should e'er thy venerable groves profane ;
Untouch'd, and like a temple should they stand,
And consecrate by general feeling, wave
Their branches o'er the ground where sleep the brave.

55.

Thy ruins as they fell should aye remain, . .
What monument so fit for those below ?
Thy garden through whole ages should retain
The form and fashion which it weareth now,
That future pilgrims here might all things see,
Such as they were at this great victory.

IV.

THE SCENE OF WAR.

1.

No cloud the azure vault of heaven distain'd
That day when we the field of war survey'd ;
The leaves were falling, but the groves retain'd
Foliage enough for beauty and for shade ;
Soft airs prevail'd, and through the sunny hours
The bees were busy on the year's last flowers.

2.

Well was the season with the scene combined.
The autumnal sunshine suited well the mood
Which here possess'd the meditative mind, . .
A human sense upon the field of blood,
A Christian thankfulness, a British pride,
Temper'd by solemn thought, yet still to joy allied.

3.

What British heart that would not feel a flow
Upon that ground, of elevating pride ?
What British cheek is there that would not glow
To hear our country blest and magnified ? . .
For Britain here was blest by old and young,
Admired by every heart and praised by every tongue.

Not for brave bearing in the field alone
Doth grateful Belgium bless the British name ;
The order and the perfect honour shown
In all things, have enhanced the soldier's fame :
For this we heard the admiring people raise
One universal voice sincere of praise.

5.

Yet with indignant feeling they enquired
Wherefore we spared the author of this strife ?
Why had we not, as highest law required,
With ignominy closed the culprit's life ?
For him alone had all this blood been shed, . .
Why had not vengeance struck the guilty head ?

6.

O God ! they said, it was a pitious thing
To see the after-horrors of the fight,
The lingering death, the hopeless suffering, . .
What heart of flesh unmoved could bear the sight ?
One man was cause of all this world of woe, . .
Ye had him, . . and ye did not strike the blow !

7.

How will ye answer to all after time
For that great lesson which ye fail'd to give ?
As if excess of guilt excused the crime,
Black as he is with blood ye let him live !
Children of evil, take your course henceforth,
For what is Justice but a name on earth !

8.

Vain had it been with those in glosing speech
Of precedents to use the specious tongue :
This might perplex the ear, but fail to reach
The heart, from whence that honest feelingsprung:
And had I dared my inner sense belie,
The voice of blood was there to join them in their cry.

9.

We left the field of battle in such mood
As human hearts from thence should bear away,
And musing thus our purposed route pursued,
Which still through scenes of recent bloodshed lay,
Where Prussia late with strong and stern delight
Hung on her hated foes to persecute their flight.

10.

No hour for tarriance that, or for remorse !
Vengeance, who long had hunger'd, took her fill,
And Retribution held its righteous course :
As when in elder time, the Sun stood still
On Gibeon, and the Moon above the vale
Of Ajalon hung motionless and pale.

11.

And what though no portentous day was given
To render here the work of wrath compleat,
The Sun, I ween, seem'd standing still in heaven
To those who hurried from that dire defeat ;
And when they pray'd for darkness in their flight,
The Moon arose upon them broad and bright.

12.

No covert might they find ; the open land,
O'er which so late exultingly they pass'd,
Lay all before them and on either hand ;
Close on their flight the avengers follow'd fast,
And when they reach'd Genappe and there drew
breath,
Short respite found they there from fear and death.

13.

That fatal town betray'd them to more loss ;
Through one long street the only passage lay,
And then the narrow bridge they needs must cross
Where Dyle, a shallow streamlet, cross'd the way :
For life they fled, . . no thought had they but fear,
And their own baggage choak'd the outlet here.

14.

He who had bridged the Danube's affluent stream,
With all the unbroken Austrian power in sight,
(So had his empire vanish'd like a dream)
Was by this brook impeded in his flight ; . .
And then what passions did he witness there . . .
Rage, terror, execrations, and despair !

15.

Ere thro' the wreck his passage could be made,
Three miserable hours, which seem'd like years,
Was he in that ignoble strait delay'd ;
The dreadful Prussian's cry was in his ears,
Fear in his heart, and in his soul that hell
Whose due rewards he merited so well.

16.

Foremost again as he was wont to be
In flight, though not the foremost in the strife,
The Tyrant hurried on, of infamy
Regardless, nor regarding ought but life ; ..
Oh wretch ! without the courage or the faith
To die with those whom he had led to death !

17.

Meantime his guilty followers in disgrace,
Whose pride for ever now was beaten down,
Some in the houses sought a hiding place ;
While at the entrance of that fatal town
Others, who yet some show of heart display'd,
A short vain effort of resistance made :

18.

Feeble and ill-sustain'd ! The foe burst through :
With unabating heat they search'd around ;
The wretches from their lurking-holes they drew, ..
Such mercy as the French had given they found ;
Death had more victims there in that one hour
Than fifty years might else have render'd to his
power.

19.

Here did we inn upon our pilgrimage,
After such day an unfit resting-place :
For who from ghastly thoughts could disengage
The haunted mind, when every where the trace
Of death was seen, .. the blood-stain on the wall,
And musquet-marks in chamber and in hall !

20.

All talk too was of death. They shew'd us here
The room where Brunswick's body had been laid,
Where his brave followers, bending o'er the bier,
In bitterness their vow of vengeance made ;
Where Wellington beheld the slaughter'd Chief,
And for awhile gave way to manly grief.

21.

Duhesme, whose crimes the Catalans may tell,
Died here ; . . with sabre strokes the posts are
scored,
Hewn down upon the threshold where he fell,
Himself then tasting of the ruthless sword ;
A Brunswicker discharged the debt of Spain,
And where he dropt the stone preserves the stain.

22.

Too much of life hath on thy plains been shed,
Brabant ! so oft the scene of war's debate ;
But ne'er with blood were they so largely fed
As in this rout and wreck ; when righteous Fate
Brought on the French, in warning to all times,
A vengeance wide and sweeping as their crimes :

23.

Vengeance for Egypt and for Syria's wrong ;
For Portugal's unutterable woes ;
For Germany, who suffer'd all too long
Beneath these lawless, faithless, godless foes ;
For blood which on the Lord so long had cried,
For Earth oppress'd, and Heaven insulted and defied.

24.

We follow'd from Genappe their line of flight
To the Cross Roads, where Britain's sons sustain'd
Against such perilous force the desperate fight:
Deserving for that field so well maintain'd,
Such fame as for a like devotion's meed
The world hath to the Spartan band decreed.

25.

Upon this ground the noble Brunswick died,
Led on too rashly by his ardent heart;
Long shall his grateful country tell with pride
How manfully he chose the better part;
When groaning Germany in chains was bound,
He only of her Princes faithful found.

26.

And here right bravely did the German band
Once more sustain their well-deserved applause;
As when, revenging there their native land,
In Spain they labour'd for the general cause.
In this most arduous strife none more than they
Endured the heat and burthen of the day.

27

Here too we heard the praise of British worth,
Still best approved when most severely tried;
Here were broad patches of loose-lying earth,
Sufficing scarce the mingled bones to hide, . .
And half-uncover'd graves, where one might see
The loathliest features of mortality.

28.

Eastward from hence we struck, and reach'd the field
Of Ligny, where the Prussian, on that day
By far-outnumbering force constrain'd to yield,
Fronted the foe, and held them still at bay ;
And in that brave defeat acquired fresh claim
To glory, and enhanced his country's fame.

29.

Here was a scene which fancy might delight
To treasure up among her cherish'd stores,
And bring again before the inward sight
Often when she recalls the long-past hours ; . .
Well-cultured hill and dale extending wide,
Hamlets and village spires on every side ;

30.

The autumnal-tinted groves ; the upland mill
Which oft was won and lost amid the fray ;
Green pastures water'd by the silent rill ;
The lordly Castle yielding to decay,
With bridge and barbican and moat and tower,
A fairer sight perchance than when it frown'd in
power :

31.

The avenue before its ruin'd gate,
Which when the Castle, suffering less from time
Than havoc, hath foregone its strength and state,
Uninjured flourisheth in nature's prime ;
To us a grateful shade did it supply,
Glad of that shelter from the noontide sky :

32.

The quarries deep, where many a massive block
For some Parisian monument of pride,
Hewn with long labour from the granite rock,
Lay in the change of fortune cast aside ;
But rightly with those stones should Prussia build
Her monumental pile on Ligny's bloody field !

33.

The wealthy village bearing but too plain
The dismal marks of recent fire and spoil ;
Its decent habitants, an active train,
And many a one at work with needful toil
On roof or thatch, the ruin to repair, . .
May never War repeat such devastation there !

34.

Ill had we done if we had hurried by
A scene in faithful history to be famed
Through long succeeding ages ; nor may I
The hospitality let pass unnamed,
And courteous kindness on that distant ground,
Which strangers as we were for England's sake we
found.

35.

And dear to England should be Ligny's name,
Prussia and England both were proved that day ;
Each generous nation to the other's fame
Her ample tribute of applause will pay ;
Long as the memory of those labours past,
Unbroken may their Fair Alliance last !

36.

The tales which of that field I could unfold,
Better it is that silence should conceal.
They who had seen them shudder'd while they told
Of things so hideous ; and they cried with zeal,
One man hath caused all this, of men the worst, . .
O wherefore have ye spared his head accurst !

37.

It fits not now to tell our farther way
Through many a scene by bounteous nature blest
Nor how we found where'er our journey lay,
An Englishman was still an honour'd guest ;
But still upon this point where'er we went,
The indignant voice was heard of discontent.

38.

And hence there lay, too plainly might we see,
An ominous feeling upon every heart :
What hope of lasting order could there be,
They said, where Justice has not had her part ?
Wisdom doth rule with Justice by her side ;
Justice from Wisdom none may e'er divide.

39.

The shaken mind felt all things insecure :
Accustom'd long to see successful crimes,
And helplessly the heavy yoke endure,
They now look'd back upon their fathers' times,
Ere the wild rule of Anarchy began,
As to some happier world, or golden age of man.

40.

As they who in the vale of years advance,
And the dark eve is closing on their way,
When on their mind the recollections glance
Of early joy, and Hope's delightful day,
Behold, in brighter hues than those of truth,
The light of morning on the fields of youth.

41.

Those who amid these troubles had grown grey,
Recurr'd with mournful feeling to the past;
Blest had we known our blessings, they would say,
We were not worthy that our bliss should last!
Peaceful we were and flourishing and free,
But madly we required more liberty!

42.

Remorseless France had long oppress'd the land,
And for her frantic projects drain'd its blood;
And now they felt the Prussian's heavy hand:
He came to aid them; bravely had he stood
In their defence; . . but oh! in peace how ill
The soldier's deeds, how insolent his will!

43.

One general wish prevail'd, . . if they might see
The happy order of old times restored!
Give them their former laws and liberty,
This their desires and secret prayers implored; . .
Forgetful, as the stream of time flows on,
That *that which passes is for ever gone.*

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE.

PART II.

THE VISION.

ΕΠΕΧΕ ΝῶΝ ΣΚΟΠῶ ΤΟΞΟΝ,
"ΑΓΕ ΘΥΜΕ΄.

PINDAR.

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

THE TOWER.

1.

I THOUGHT upon these things in solitude,
And mused upon them in the silent night;
The open graves, the recent scene of blood,
Were present to the soul's creative sight;
These mournful images my mind possess'd,
And mingled with the visions of my rest.

2.

Methought that I was travelling o'er a plain
Whose limits, far beyond all reach of sense,
The aching anxious sight explored in vain.
How I came there I could not tell, nor whence;
Nor where my melancholy journey lay;
Only that soon the night would close upon my way.

3.

Behind me was a dolorous, dreary scene,
With huge and mouldering ruins widely spread;
Wastes which had whilome fertile regions been,
Tombs which had lost all record of the dead;
And where the dim horizon seem'd to close,
Far off the gloomy Pyramids arose.

4.

Full fain would I have known what lay before,
But lifted there in vain my mortal eye;
That point with cloud and mist was cover'd o'er,
As though the earth were mingled with the sky.
Yet thither, as some power unseen impell'd,
My blind involuntary way I held.

5.

Across the plain innumerable crowds
Like me were on their destined journey bent,
Toward the land of shadows and of clouds:
One pace they travelled, to one point they went;..
A motley multitude of old and young,
Men of all climes and hues, and every tongue.

6.

Ere long I came upon a field of dead,
Where heaps of recent carnage fill'd the way;
A ghastly sight, .. nor was there where to tread,
So thickly slaughter'd, horse and man, they lay.
Methought that in that place of death I knew
Again the late-seen field of Waterloo.

7.

Troubled I stood, and doubtful where to go, . .

A cold damp shuddering ran through all my frame ;
Fain would I fly from that dread scene, when lo !

A voice as from above pronounced my name ;
And looking to the sound, by the way-side
I saw a lofty structure edified.

8.

Most like it seem'd to that aspiring Tower

Which old Ambition rear'd on Babel's plain,
As if he ween'd in his presumptuous power

To scale high Heaven with daring pride profane ;
Such was its giddy height : and round and round
The spiral steps in long ascension wound.

9.

Its frail foundations upon sand were placed,

And round about it mouldering rubbish lay ;
For easily by time and storms defaced,

The loose materials crumbled in decay :
Rising so high, and built so insecure,
Ill might such perishable work endure.

10.

I not the less went up, and as I drew

Toward the top, more firm the structure seem'd,
With nicer art composed, and fair to view :

Strong and well-built perchance I might have deem'd
The pile, had I not seen and understood
Of what frail matter form'd, and on what base it stood.

11.

There on the summit a grave personage
Received and welcomed me in courteous guise;
On his grey temples were the marks of age,
As one whom years methought should render wise.
I saw that thou wert fill'd with doubt and fear,
He said, and therefore have I call'd thee here.

12.

Hence from this eminence sublime I see
The wanderings of the erring crowd below,
And pitying thee in thy perplexity,
Will tell thee all that thou canst need to know
To guide thy steps aright. I bent my head
As if in thanks, . . And who art thou? I said.

13.

He answer'd, I am Wisdom. Mother Earth
Me, in her vigour self-conceiving, bore;
And as from eldest time I date my birth,
Eternally with her shall I endure;
Her noblest offspring I, to whom alone
The course of sublunary things is known.

14.

Master! quoth I, regarding him, I thought
That Wisdom was the child divine of Heaven.
So, he replied, have fabling preachers taught,
And the dull World a light belief hath given.
But vainly would these fools my claim decry, . .
Wisdom I am, and of the Earth am I.

15.

Thus while he spake I scann'd his features well,
Small but audacious was the Old Man's eye;
His countenance was hard, and seem'd to tell
Of knowledge less than of effrontery.
Instruct me then, I said, for thou shouldst know,
From whence I came, and whither I must go.

16.

Art thou then one who would his mind perplex
With knowledge bootless even if attain'd?
Fond man! he answer'd; .. wherefore shouldst thou vex
Thy heart with seeking what may not be gain'd!
Regard not what has been, nor what may be,
O Child of Earth, this Now is all that toucheth thee!

17.

He who performs the journey of to-day
Cares not if yesterday were shower or sun:
To-morrow let the heavens be what they may,
And what reck's he? . . his wayfare will be done.
Heedless of what hereafter may befall,
Live whilst thou livest, for this life is all!

18.

I kept my rising indignation down,
That I might hear what farther he would teach;
Yet on my darken'd brow the instinctive frown,
Gathering at that abominable speech,
Maintain'd its place: he mark'd it and pursued,
Tuning his practised tongue to subtle flattery's mood:

19.

Do I not know thee, . . that from earliest youth
Knowledge hath been thy only heart's-desire?
Here seeing all things as they are in truth,
I show thee all to which thy thoughts aspire:
No vapours here impede the exalted sense,
Nor mists of earth attain this eminence.

20.

Whither thy way, thou askest me, and what
The region dark whereto thy footsteps tend,
And where by one inevitable lot
The course of all yon multitude must end.
Take thou this glass, whose perfect power shall aid
Thy faulty vision, and therewith explore the shade.

21.

Eager I look'd ; but seeing with surprise
That the same darkness still the view o'erspread,
Half angrily I turn'd away mine eyes.
Complacent then the Old Man smiled and said,
Darkness is all ! what more wouldst thou descry ?
Rest now content, for farther none can spy.

22.

Now mark me, Child of Earth ! he thus pursued ;
Let not the hypocrites thy reason blind,
And to the quest of some unreal good
Divert with dogmas vain thine erring mind :
Learn thou, whate'er the motive they may call,
That Pleasure is the aim, and Self the spring of all.

23.

This is the root of knowledge. Wise are they
Who to this guiding principle attend ;
They as they press along the world's high-way,
With single aim pursue their steady end ;
No vain compunction checks their sure career ;
No idle dreams deceive ; their heart is here.

24.

They from the nature and the fate of man,
Thus clearly understood, derive their strength ;
Knowing that as from nothing they began,
To nothing they must needs return at length ;
This knowledge steels the heart and clears the mind,
And they create on earth the Heaven they find.

25.

Such, I made answer, was the Tyrant's creed
Who bruised the nations with his iron rod,
Till on yon field the wretch received his meed
From Britain, and the outstretch'd arm of God !
Behold him now, . . Death ever in his view,
The only change for him, . . and Judgement to ensue !

26.

Behold him when the unbidden thoughts arise
Of his old passions and unbridled power ;
As the fierce tiger in confinement lies,
And dreams of blood that he must taste no more, ..
Then waking in that appetite of rage,
Frets to and fro within his narrow cage.

27.

Hath he not chosen well ? the Old Man replied ;
Bravely he aim'd at universal sway ;
And never earthly Chief was glorified
Like this Napoleon in his prosperous day.
All-ruling Fate itself hath not the power
To alter what has been : and he has had his hour .

28.

Take him, I answer'd, at his fortune's flood ;
Russia his friend, the Austrian wars surceased,
When Kings, his creatures some, and some subdued,
Like vassals waited at his marriage feast ;
And Europe like a map before him lay,
Of which he gave at will, or took away.

29.

Call then to mind Navarre's heroic chief,
Wandering by night and day through wood and glen,
His country's sufferings like a private grief
Wringing his heart : would Mina even then
Those perils and that sorrow have foregone
To be that Tyrant on his prosperous throne ?

30.

But wherefore name I him whose arm was free ?
A living hope his noble heart sustain'd,
A faith which bade him through all dangers see
The triumph his enduring country gain'd.
See Hofer with no earthly hope to aid, . .
His country lost, himself to chains and death betray'd !

31.

By those he served deserted in his need ;
Given to the unrelenting Tyrant's power,
And by his mean revenge condemn'd to bleed, . .
Would he have barter'd in that awful hour
His heart, his conscience, and his sure renown,
For the malignant murderer's crimes and crown ?

32.

Him too, I know, a worthy thought of fame
In that dread trance upheld ; . . the foresight sure
That in his own dear country his good name
Long as the streams and mountains should endure ;
The herdsmen on the hills should sing his praise,
And children learn his deeds through all succeeding
days.

33.

Turn we to those in whom no glorious thought
Lent its strong succour to the passive mind ;
Nor stirring enterprize within them wrought ; . .
Who to their lot of bitterness resign'd,
Endured their sorrows by the world unknown,
And look'd for their reward to Death alone :

34.

Mothers within Gerona's leager'd wall,
Who saw their famish'd children pine and die ; . .
Widows surviving Zaragoza's fall
To linger in abhorr'd captivity ; . .
Yet would not have exchanged their sacred woe
For all the empire of their miscreant foe !

35.

Serene the Old Man replied, and smiled with scorn,
Behold the effect of error ! thus to wear
The days of miserable life forlorn,
Struggling with evil and consumed with care ; ..
Poor fools, whom vain and empty hopes mislead !
They reap their sufferings for their only meed.

36.

O false one ! I exclaim'd, whom canst thou fool
With such gross sophisms, but the wicked heart ?
The pupils of thine own unhappy school
Are they who chuse the vain and empty part ;
How oft in age, in sickness, and in woe,
Have they complain'd that all was vanity below !

37.

Look at that mighty Gaznevide, Mahmood,
When pining in his Palace of Delight,
He bade the gather'd spoils of realms subdued
Be spread before him to regale his sight,
Whate'er the Orient boasts of rich and rare, ..
And then he wept to think what toys they were !

38.

Look at the Russian minion when he play'd
With pearls and jewels which surpass'd all price ;
And now apart their various hues array'd,
Blended their colours now in union nice,
Then weary of the baubles, with a sigh,
Swept them aside, and thought that all was vanity !

Wean'd by the fatal Messenger from pride,
The Syrian through the streets exposed his shroud;
And one that ravaged kingdoms far and wide
Upon the bed of sickness cried aloud,
What boots my empire in this mortal throe,
For the Grave calls me now, and I must go !

40.

Thus felt these wretched men, because decay
Had touch'd them in their vitals ; Death stood by ;
And Reason when the props of flesh gave way,
Purged as with euphrasy the mortal eye.
Who seeks for worldly honours, wealth or power,
Will find them vain indeed at that dread hour !

41.

These things are vain ; but all things are not so,
The virtues and the hopes of human kind ! . .
Yea, by the God whom ordering all below,
In his own image made the immortal mind,
Desires there are which draw from Him their birth,
And bring forth lasting fruits for Heaven and Earth.

42.

Therefore through evil and through good content,
The righteous man performs his part assign'd ;
In bondage lingering, or with sufferings spent,
Therefore doth peace support the heroic mind ;
And from the dreadful sacrifice of all,
Meek woman doth not shrink at Duty's call.

43.

Therefore the Martyr clasps the stake in faith,
And sings thanksgiving while the flames aspire ;
Victorious over agony and death,
Sublime he stands and triumphs in the fire,
As though to him Elijah's lot were given,
And that the Chariot and the steeds of Heaven.

II.

THE EVIL PROPHET.

1.

With that my passionate discourse I brake ;
 Too fast the thought, too strong the feeling came.
 Composed the Old Man listen'd while I spake,
 Nor moved to wrath, nor capable of shame ;
 And when I ceased, unalter'd was his mien,
 His hard eye unabash'd, his front serene.

2.

Hard is it error from the mind to weed,
 He answer'd, where it strikes so deep a root.
 Let us to other argument proceed,
 And if we may, discover what the fruit
 Of this long strife, . . what harvest of great good
 The World shall reap for all this cost of blood !

3.

Assuming then a frown as thus he said,
 He stretch'd his hand from that commanding
 height,
 Behold, quoth he, where thrice ten thousand dead
 Are laid, the victims of a single fight !
 And thrice ten thousand more 'at Ligny lie,
 Slain for the prelude to this tragedy !

4.

This but a page of the great book of war, ..
A drop amid the sea of human woes ! ...
Thou canst remember when the Morning Star
Of Freedom on rejoicing France arose,
Over her vine-clad hills and regions gay,
Fair even as Phosphor who foreruns the day.

5.

Such and so beautiful that Star's uprise ;
But soon the glorious dawn was overcast :
A baleful track it held across the skies,
Till now through all its fatal changes past,
Its course fulfill'd, its aspects understood,
On Waterloo it hath gone down in blood.

6.

Where now the hopes with which thine ardent youth
Rejoicing to run its race began ?
Where now the reign of Liberty and Truth,
The Rights Omnipotent of Equal Man,
The principles should make all discord cease,
And bid poor humankind repose at length in peace ?

7.

Behold the Bourbon to that throne by force
Restored, from whence by fury he was cast :
Thus to the point where it began its course,
The melancholy cycle comes at last ;
And what are all the intermediate years ? . .
What, but a bootless waste of blood and tears !

The peace which thus at Waterloo ye won,
Shall it endure with this exasperate foe ?
In gratitude for all that ye have done,
Will France her ancient enmity forego ?
Her wounded spirit, her envenom'd will
Ye know, . . and ample means are left her still.

9.

What though the tresses of her strength be shorn,
The roots remain untouch'd ; and as of old
The bondsman Samson felt his power return
To his knit sinews, so shall ye behold
France, like a giant fresh from sleep, arise
And rush upon her slumbering enemies.

10.

Woe then for Belgium ! for this ill-doom'd land,
The theatre of strife through every age !
Look from this eminence whereon we stand, . .
What is the region round us but a stage
For the mad pastime of Ambition made,
Whereon War's dreadful drama may be play'd ?

11.

Thus hath it been from history's earliest light,
When yonder by the Sabis Cæsar stood,
And saw his legions, raging from the fight,
Root out the noble nation they subdued ;
Even at this day the peasant findeth there
The relics of that ruthless massacre.

12.

Need I recall the long religious strife ?

Or William's hard-fought fields? or Marlborough's
fame

Here purchased at such lavish price of life, . .

Or Fontenoy, or Fleurus' later name ?

Wherever here the foot of man may tread,

The blood of man hath on that spot been shed.

13.

Shall then Futurity a happier train

Unfold, than this dark picture of the past ?

Dream'st thou again of some Saturnian reign,

Or that this ill-compacted realm should last ?

Its wealth and weakness to the foe are known,

And the first shock subverts its baseless throne.

14.

O wretched country, better should thy soil

Be laid again beneath the invading seas,

Thou goodliest masterpiece of human toil,

If still thou must be doom'd to scenes like these !

O Destiny inexorable and blind !

O miserable lot of poor mankind !

15.

Saying thus, he fix'd on me a searching eye

Of stern regard, as if my heart to reach :

Yet gave he now no leisure to reply ;

For ere I might dispose my thoughts for speech,

The Old Man, as one who felt and understood

His strength, the theme of his discourse pursued.

16.

If we look farther, what shall we behold
But every where the swelling seeds of ill,
Half-smother'd fires, and causes manifold
Of strife to come; the powerful watching still
For fresh occasion to enlarge his power,
The weak and injured waiting for their hour !

17.

Will the rude Cossack with his spoils bear back
The love of peace and humanizing art ?
Think ye the mighty Moscovite shall lack
Some specious business for the ambitious heart ;
Or the black Eagle, when she moults her plume,
The form and temper of the Dove assume ?

18.

From the old Germanic chaos hath there risen
A happier order of establish'd things ?
And is the Italian Mind from papal prison
Set free to soar upon its native wings ?
Or look to Spain, and let her Despot tell
If there thy high-raised hopes are answer'd well !

19.

At that appeal my spirit breathed a groan,
But he triumphantly pursued his speech :
O Child of Earth, he cried with loftier tone,
The present and the past one lesson teach ;
Look where thou wilt, the history of man
Is but a thorny maze, without a plan !

20.

The winds which have in viewless heaven their birth,
The waves which in their fury meet the clouds,
The central storms which shake the solid earth,
And from volcanoes burst in fiery floods,
Are not more vague and purportless and blind,
Than is the course of things among mankind !

21.

Rash hands unravel what the wise have spun ;
Realms which in story fill so large a part,
Rear'd by the strong are by the weak undone ;
Barbarians overthrow the works of art,
And what force spares is sapp'd by sure decay, . .
So earthly things are changed and pass away.

22.

And think not thou thy England hath a spell,
That she this general fortune should elude ;
Easier to crush the foreign foe, than quell
The malice which misleads the multitude,
And that dread malady of erring zeal,
Which like a cancer eats into the commonweal.

23.

The fabric of her power is undermined ;
The earthquake underneath it will have way,
And all that glorious structure, as the wind
Scatters a summer cloud, be swept away :
For Destiny on this terrestrial ball
Drives on her iron car, and crushes all.

24.

Thus as he ended, his mysterious form

Enlarged, grew dim, and vanish'd from my view.

At once on all sides rush'd the gather'd storm,

The thunders roll'd around, the wild winds blew,

And as the tempest round the summit beat,

The whole frail fabric shook beneath my feet.

III.

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

1.

BUT then methought I heard a voice exclaim,
Hither, my Son, Oh, hither take thy flight !
A heavenly voice which call'd me by my name,
And bade me hasten from that treacherous height:
The voice it was which I was wont to hear,
Sweet as a Mother's to her infant's ear.

2.

I hesitated not, but at the call
Sprung from the summit of that tottering tower.
There is a motion known in dreams to all,
When buoyant by some self-sustaining power,
Through air we seem to glide, as if set free
From all encumbrance of mortality.

3.

Thus borne aloft I reach'd the Sacred Hill,
And left the scene of tempests far behind :
But that old tempter's parting language still
Press'd like a painful burthen on my mind ;
The troubled soul had lost her inward light,
And all within was black as Erebus and Night.

4.

The Thoughts which I had known in youth return'd,
But, oh, how changed ! a sad and spectral train :
And while for all the miseries past I mourn'd,
And for the lives which had been given in vain,
In sorrow and in fear I turn'd mine eye
From the dark aspects of futurity.

5.

I sought the thickest woodland's shade profound,
As suited best my melancholy mood,
And cast myself upon the gloomy ground.
When lo ! a gradual radiance fill'd the wood ;
A heavenly presence rose upon my view,
And in that form divine the awful Muse I knew.

6.

Hath then that Spirit false perplex'd thy heart,
O thou of little faith ! severe she cried.
Bear with me, Goddess, heavenly as thou art,
Bear with my earthly nature ! I replied,
And let me pour into thine ear my grief :
Thou canst enlighten, thou canst give relief.

7.

The ploughshare had gone deep, the sower's hand
Had scatter'd in the open soil the grain ;
The harrow too had well prepared the land ;
I look'd to see the fruit of all this pain ! . .
Alas ! the thorns and old inveterate weed
Have sprung again, and stifled the good seed.

8.

I hoped that Italy should break her chains,
Foreign and papal, with the world's applause,
Knit in firm union her divided reigns,
And rear a well-built pile of equal laws:
Then might the wrongs of Venice be forgiven,
And joy should reach Petrarca's soul in Heaven.

9.

I hoped that that abhorr'd Idolatry
Had in the strife received its mortal wound:
The Souls which from beneath the Altar cry,
At length, I thought, had their just vengeance
found; . .
In purple and in scarlet clad, behold
The Harlot sits, adorn'd with gems and gold!

10.

The golden cup she bears full to the brim
Of her abominations as of yore!
Her eyeballs with inebriate triumph swim;
Tho' drunk with righteous blood she thirsts for more,
Eager to reassert her influence fell,
And once again let loose the Dogs of Hell.

11.

Woe for that people too who by their path
For these late triumphs first made plain the way;
Whom in the Valley of the Shade of Death
No fears nor fiery sufferings could dismay:
Art could not tempt, nor violence enthrall
Their firm devotion, faithful found through all.

12.

Strange race of haughty heart and stubborn will,
Slavery they love and chains with pride they wear;
Inflexible alike in good or ill,
The inveterate stamp of servitude they bear.
Oh fate perverse, to see all change withstood,
There only where all change must needs be good!

13.

But them no foe can force, nor friend persuade;
Impassive souls in iron forms inclosed,
As though of human mould they were not made,
But of some sterner elements composed,
Against offending nations to be sent,
The ruthless ministers of punishment.

14.

Where are those Minas after that career
Wherewith all Europe rang from side to side?
In exile wandering! Where the Mountaineer, . .
Late, like Pelayo, the Asturian's pride?
Had Ferdinand no mercy for that life,
Exposed so long for him in daily, . . hourly strife!

15.

From her Athenian orator of old
Greece never listen'd to sublimer strain
Than that with which, for truth and freedom bold,
Quintana moved the inmost soul of Spain.
What meed is his let Ferdinand declare . . .
Chains, and the silent dungeon, and despair!

16.

For this hath England borne so brave a part !
Spent with endurance, or in battle slain,
Is it for this so many an English heart
Lies mingled with the insensate soil of Spain !
Is this the issue, this the happy birth
In those long throes and that strong agony brought
forth !

17.

And oh ! if England's fatal hour draw nigh, ..
If that most glorious edifice should fall
By the wild hands of bestial Anarchy, ..
Then might it seem that He who ordereth all
Doth take for sublunary things no care : ..
The burthen of that thought is more than I can bear.

18.

Even as a mother listens to her child
My plaint the Muse divine benignant heard,
Then answer'd in reproving accents mild,
What if thou seest the fruit of hope deferr'd,
Dost thou for this in faltering faith repine ?
A manlier, wiser virtue should be thine !

19.

Ere the good seed can give its fruit in Spain,
The light must shine on that bedarken'd land,
And Italy must break her papal chain,
Ere the soil answer to the sower's hand ;
For till the sons their fathers' fault repent,
The old error brings its direful punishment.

20.

Hath not experience bade the wise man see
 Poor hope from innovations premature ?
All sudden change is ill : slow grows the tree
 Which in its strength through ages shall endure.
In that ungrateful earth it long may lie
Dormant, but fear not that the seed should die.

21.

Falsely that Tempter taught thee that the past
 Was but a blind inextricable maze ;
Falsely he taught that evil overcast
 With gathering tempests these propitious days,
That he in subtle snares thy soul might bind,
And rob thee of thy hopes for humankind.

22.

He told thee the beginning and the end
 Were indistinguishable all, and dark ;
And when from his vain Tower he bade thee bend
 Thy curious eye, well knew he that no spark
Of heavenly light would reach the baffled sense,
The mists of earth lay round him all too dense.

23.

Must I, as thou hadst chosen the evil part,
 Tell thee that Man is free and God is good ?
These primal truths are rooted in thy heart :
 But these being rightly felt and understood,
Should bring with them a hope, calm, constant, sure,
Patient, and on the rock of faith secure.

24.

The Monitress Divine, as thus she spake,
Induced me gently on, ascending still,
And thus emerging from that mournful brake
We drew toward the summit of the hill,
And reach'd a green and sunny place, so fair
As well with long-lost Eden might compare.

25.

Broad cedars grew around that lovely glade,
Exempted from decay, and never sere,
Their wide-spread boughs diffused a fragrant shade;
The cypress incorruptible was here,
With fluted stem and head aspiring high,
Nature's proud column, pointing to the sky.

26.

There too the vigorous olive in its pride,
As in its own Apulian soil uncheck'd,
Tower'd high, and spread its glaucous foliage wide:
With liveliest hues the mead beneath was deck'd,
Gift of that grateful tree that with its root
Repays the earth from whence it feeds its fruit.

27.

There too the sacred bay of brighter green,
Exalted its rejoicing head on high;
And there the martyrs' holier palm was seen
Waving its plumage as the breeze went by.
All fruits which ripen under genial skies
Grew there as in another Paradise.

28.

And over all that lovely glade there grew
All wholesome roots and plants of healing power ;
The herb of grace, the medicinal rue,
The poppy rich in worth as gay in flower ;
The heart's-ease that delighteth every eye,
And sage divine and virtuous euphrasy.

29.

Unwounded here Judæa's balm distill'd
Its precious juice ; the snowy jasmine here
Spread its luxuriant tresses wide, and fill'd
With fragrance the delicious atmosphere ;
More piercing still did orange-flowers dispense
From golden groves the purest joy of sense.

30.

As low it lurk'd the tufted moss between,
The violet there its modest perfume shed,
Like humble virtue, rather felt than seen :
And here the Rose of Sharon rear'd its head,
The glory of all flowers, to sense and sight
Yielding their full contentment of delight.

31.

A gentle river wound *its* quiet way
Through this sequester'd glade, meandering wide ;
Smooth as a mirror here the surface lay,
Where the pure lotus floating in its pride,
Enjoy'd the breath of heaven, the sun's warm beam,
And the cool freshness of its native stream.

32.

Here o'er green weeds whose tresses waved outspread,
With silent lapse the glassy waters run ;
Here in fleet motion o'er a pebbly bed
Gliding they glance and ripple to the sun ;
The stirring breeze that swept them in its flight,
Raised on the stream a shower of sparkling light.

33.

And all sweet birds sung there their lays of love ;
The mellow thrush, the black-bird loud and shrill,
The rapturous nightingale that shook the grove,
Made the ears vibrate and the heart-strings thrill ;
The ambitious lark, that soaring in the sky,
Pour'd forth her lyric strain of ecstasy.

34.

Sometimes when that wild chorus intermits,
The linnet's song was heard amid the trees,
A low sweet voice ; and sweeter still, at fits
The ring-dove's wooing came upon the breeze ;
While with the wind which moved the leaves among,
The murmuring waters join'd in undersong.

35.

The hare disported here and fear'd no ill,
For never evil thing that glade came nigh ;
The sheep were free to wander at their will,
As needing there no earthly shepherd's eye ;
The bird sought no concealment for her nest,
So perfect was the peace wherewith those bowers
were blest.

36.

All blending thus with all in one delight,
The soul was soothed and satisfied and fill'd :
This mingled bliss of sense and sound and sight,
The flow of boisterous mirth might there have still'd,
And sinking in the gentle spirit deep,
Have touch'd those strings of joy which make us weep.

37.

Even thus in earthly gardens had it been,
If earthly gardens might with these compare ;
But more than all such influences, I ween
There was a heavenly virtue in the air,
Which laid all vain perplexing thoughts to rest,
And heal'd and calm'd and purified the breast.

38.

Then said I to that guide divine, My soul
When here we enter'd, was o'ercharged with grief,
For evil doubts which I could not controul
Beset my troubled spirit. This relief, . .
This change, .. whence are they? Almost it might seem
I never lived till now ; .. all else had been a dream.

39.

My heavenly teacher answer'd, Say not *seem* ; . .
In this place all things *are* what they appear ;
And they who feel the past a feverish dream,
Wake to reality on entering here.
These waters are the Well of Life, and lo !
The Rock of Ages there, from whence they flow.

40.

Saying thus we came upon an inner glade,
The holiest place that human eyes might see;
For all that vale was like a temple made
By Nature's hand, and this the sanctuary;
Where in its bed of living rock, the Rood
Of Man's redemption, firmly planted stood.

41.

And at its foot the never-failing Well
Of Life profusely flow'd that all might drink.
Most blessed Water! Neither tongue can tell
The blessedness thereof, nor heart can think,
Save only those to whom it hath been given
To taste of that divinest gift of Heaven.

42.

There grew a goodly Tree this Well beside; . .
Behold a branch from Eden planted here,
Pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, said my guide.
O Child of Adam, put away thy fear, . .
In thy first father's grave it hath its root;
Taste thou the bitter, but the wholesome fruit.

43.

In awe I heard, and trembled, and obey'd:
The bitterness was even as of death;
I felt a cold and piercing thrill pervade
My loosen'd limbs, and losing sight and breath,
To earth I should have fallen in my despair,
Had I not clasp'd the Cross and been supported there.

44.

My heart, I thought, was bursting with the force
Of that most fatal fruit; soul-sick I felt,
And tears ran down in such continuous course,
As if the very eyes themselves should melt.
But then I heard my heavenly teacher say,
Drink, and this mortal stound will pass away.

45.

I stooped and drank of that divinest Well,
Fresh from the Rock of Ages where it ran;
It had a heavenly quality to quell
My pain: . . I rose a renovated man,
And would not now when that relief was known
For worlds the needful suffering have foregone.

46.

Even as the Eagle (ancient storyers say)
When faint with years she feels her flagging wing,
Soars up toward the mid sun's piercing ray,
Then fill'd with fire into some living spring
Plunges, and casting there her aged plumes,
The vigorous strength of primal youth resumes:

47.

Such change in me that blessed Water wrought;
The bitterness which from its fatal root,
The Tree derived with painful healing fraught,
Pass'd clean away; and in its place the fruit
Produced by virtue of that wondrous wave,
The savour which in Paradise it gave.

48.

Now, said the heavenly Muse, thou mayst advance,
Fitley prepared toward the mountain's height.
O Child of Man, this necessary trance
Hath purified from flaw thy mortal sight,
That with scope unconfined of vision free,
Thou the beginning and the end mayst see.

49.

She took me by the hand and on we went,
Hope urged me forward and my soul was strong;
With winged speed we scaled the steep ascent,
Nor seem'd the labour difficult or long,
Ere on the summit of the sacred hill
Upraised I stood, where I might gaze my fill.

50.

Below me lay, unfolded like a scroll,
The boundless region where I wander'd late,
Where I might see realms spread and oceans roll,
And mountains from their cloud-surmounting state
Dwarf'd like a map beneath the excursive sight,
So ample was the range from that commanding height.

51.

Eastward with darkness round on every side,
An eye of light was in the farthest sky.
Lo, the beginning ! . . said my heavenly Guide ;
The steady ray which there thou canst descry,
Comes from lost Eden, from the primal land
Of man " waved over by the fiery brand."

52.

Look now toward the end ! no mists obscure,
Nor clouds will there impede the strengthen'd sight;
Unblench'd thine eye the vision may endure.

I look'd, . . surrounded with effulgent light
More glorious than all glorious hues of even,
The Angel Death stood there in the open Gate of
Heaven.

IV.

THE HOPES OF MAN.

1.

Now, said my heavenly Teacher, all is clear ! ..

Bear the Beginning and the End in mind,
The course of human things will then appear
Beneath its proper laws ; and thou wilt find,
Through all their seeming labyrinth, the plan
Which " vindicates the ways of God to Man."

2.

Free choice doth Man possess of good or ill,
All were but mockery else. From Wisdom's way
Too oft perverted by the tainted will
Is his rebellious nature drawn astray ;
Therefore an inward monitor is given,
A voice that answers to the law of Heaven.

3.

Frail as he is, and as an infant weak,
The knowledge of his weakness is his strength ;
For succour is vouchsafed to those who seek
In humble faith sincere ; and when at length
Death sets the disembodied spirit free,
According to their deeds their lot shall be.

4.

Thus, should the chance of private fortune raise
A transitory doubt, Death answers all.
And in the scale of nations, if the ways
Of Providence mysterious we may call,
Yet rightly view'd, all history doth impart
Comfort and hope and strength to the believing heart.

5.

For through the lapse of ages may the course
Of moral good progressive still be seen,
Though mournful dynasties of Fraud and Force,
Dark Vice and purblind Ignorance intervene;
Empires and Nations rise, decay and fall,
But still the Good survives and perseveres thro' all.

6.

Yea even in those most lamentable times,
When every-where to wars and woes a prey,
Earth seem'd but one wide theatre of crimes,
Good unperceived had work'd its silent way,
And all those dread convulsions did but clear
The obstructed path to give it free career.

7.

But deem not thou some over-ruling Fate,
Directing all things with benign decree,
Through all the turmoil of this mortal state,
Appoints that what is best shall therefore be;
Even as from man his future doom proceeds,
So nations rise or fall according to their deeds.

8.

Light at the first was given to humankind,
And Law was written in the human heart.
If they forsake the Light, perverse of mind,
And wilfully prefer the evil part,
Then to their own devices are they left,
By their own choice of Heaven's support bereft.

9.

The individual culprit may sometimes
Unpunish'd to his after reckoning go :
Not thus collective man, . . for public crimes
Draw on their proper punishment below ;
When Nations go astray, from age to age
The effects remain, a fatal heritage.

10.

Bear witness, Egypt, thy huge monuments
Of priestly fraud and tyranny austere !
Bear witness thou whose only name presents
All holy feelings to religion dear, . .
In Earth's dark circlet once the precious gem
Of living light, . . O fallen Jerusalem !

11.

See barbarous Africa, on every side
To error, wretchedness, and crimes resign'd !
Behold the vicious Orient, far and wide
Enthrall'd in slavery ! As the human mind
Corrupts and goes to wreck, Earth sickens there,
And the contagion taints the ambient air.

12.

They had the Light, and from the Light they turn'd ;
What marvel if they grope in darkness lost ?
They had the Law ; .. God's natural Law they scorn'd,
And chusing error, thus they pay the cost !
Wherever Falsehood and Oppression reign,
There degradation follows in their train.

13.

What then in these late days had Europe been, ..
This moral, intellectual heart of earth, ..
From which the nations who lie dead in sin
Should one day yet receive their second birth, ..
To what had she been sunk if brutal Force
Had taken unrestrain'd its impious course !

14.

The Light had been extinguish'd, .. this be sure
The first wise aim of conscious Tyranny,
Which knows it may not with the Light endure :
But where Light is not, Freedom cannot be ;
" Where Freedom is not, there no Virtue is ;"
Where Virtue is not, there no Happiness.

15.

If among hateful Tyrants of all times
For endless execration handed down,
One may be found surpassing all in crimes,
One that for infamy should bear the crown,
Napoleon is that man, in guilt the first,
Pre-eminently bad among the worst.

16.

For not, like Scythian conquerors, did he tread
From his youth up the common path of blood;
Nor like some Eastern Tyrant was he bred
In sensual harems, ignorant of good; . .
Their vices from the circumstance have grown,
His by deliberate purpose were his own,

17.

Not led away by circumstance he err'd,
But from the wicked heart his error came:
By Fortune to the highest place preferr'd,
He sought through evil means an evil aim,
And all his ruthless measures were design'd
To enslave, degrade, and brutalize mankind.

18.

Some barbarous dream of empire to fulfil,
Those iron ages he would have restored,
When Law was but the ruffian soldier's will,
Might govern'd all, the sceptre was the sword,
And Peace, not elsewhere finding where to dwell,
Sought a sad refuge in the convent-cell.

19.

Too far had he succeeded! In his mould
An evil generation had been framed,
By no religion temper'd or controul'd,
By foul examples of all crimes inflamed,
Of faith, of honour, of compassion void; . .
Such were the fitting agents he employ'd.

20.

Believing as yon lying Spirit taught,
They to that vain philosophy held fast,
And trusted that as they began from nought,
To nothing they should needs return at last;
Hence no restraint of conscience, no remorse,
But every baleful passion took its course.

21.

And had they triumph'd, Earth had once again,
To Violence subdued, and impious Pride,
Verged to such state of wickedness, as when
The Giantry of old their God defied,
And Heaven, impatient of a world like this,
Open'd its flood-gates, and broke up the abyss.

22.

That danger is gone by. On Waterloo
The Tyrant's fortune in the scale was weigh'd, . .
His fortune and the World's, . . and England threw
Her sword into the balance . . . down it sway'd:
And when in battle first he met that foe,
There he received his mortal overthrow.

23.

O my brave Countrymen, with that I said,
For then my heart with transport overflow'd,
O Men of England! nobly have ye paid
The debt which to your ancestors ye owed,
And gather'd for your children's heritage
A glory that shall last from age to age!

24.

And we did well when on our Mountain's height
For Waterloo we raised the festal flame,
And in our triumph taught the startled night
To ring with Wellington's victorious name,
Making the far-off mariner admire
To see the crest of Skiddaw plumed with fire.

25.

The Moon who had in silence visited
His lonely summit from the birth of time,
That hour an unavailing splendour shed,
Lost in the effulgence of the flame sublime,
In whose broad blaze rejoicingly we stood,
And all below a depth of blackest solitude.

26.

Fit theatre for this great joy we chose ;
For never since above the abating Flood
Emerging, first that pinnacle arose,
Had cause been given for deeper gratitude,
For prouder joy to every English heart,
When England had so well perform'd her arduous part.

27.

The Muse replied with gentle smile benign, . .
Well mayst thou praise the land that gav thee birth,
And bless the Fate which made that country thine ;
For of all ages and all parts of earth,
To chuse thy time and place did Fate allow,
Wise choice would be this England and this Now.

28.

From bodily and mental bondage, there
Hath Man his full emancipation gain'd ;
The viewless and illimitable air
Is not more free than Thought ; all unrestrain'd,
Nor pined in want, nor sunk in sensual sloth,
There may the immortal Mind attain its growth.

29.

There under Freedom's tutelary wing,
Deliberate Courage fears no human foe ;
There undefiled as in their native spring,
The living waters of Religion flow ;
There like a beacon the transmitted Light
Conspicuous to all nations burneth bright.

30.

The virtuous will she hath, which should aspire
To spread the sphere of happiness and light ;
She hath the power to answer her desire,
The wisdom to direct her power aright ;
The will, the power, the wisdom thus combined,
What glorious prospects open on mankind !

31.

Behold ! she cried, and lifting up her hand,
The shaping elements obey'd her will ; . .
A vapour gather'd round our lofty stand,
Roll'd in thick volumes o'er the Sacred Hill,
Descending then, its surges far and near
Fill'd all the wide subjacent atmosphere.

32.

As I have seen from Skiddaw's stony height
The fleecy clouds scud round me on their way,
Condense beneath, and hide the vale from sight,
Then opening, just disclose where Derwent lay
Burnish'd with sunshine like a silver shield,
Or old Enchanter's glass, for magic forms fit field ;

33.

So at her will, in that receding sheet
Of mist wherewith the world was overlaid,
A living picture moved beneath our feet.
A spacious City first was there display'd,
The seat where England from her ancient reign
Doth rule the Ocean as her own domain.

34.

In splendour with those famous cities old,
Whose power it hath surpass'd, it now might vie ;
Through many a bridge the wealthy river roll'd ;
Aspiring columns rear'd their heads on high,
Triumphal arches spann'd the roads, and gave
Due guerdon to the memory of the brave.

35.

A landscape follow'd, such as might compare
With Flemish fields for well-requited toil:
The wonder-working hand had every where
Subdued all circumstance of stubborn soil ;
In fen and moor reclaim'd rich gardens smiled,
And populous hamlets rose amid the wild.

36.

There the old seaman on his native shore
Enjoy'd the competence deserved so well ;
The soldier, his dread occupation o'er,
Of well-rewarded service loved to tell ;
The grey-hair'd labourer there whose work was done,
In comfort saw the day of life go down.

37.

Such was the lot of eld ; for childhood there
The duties which belong to life was taught :
The good seed early sown and nursed with care,
This bounteous harvest in its season brought ;
Thus youth for manhood, manhood for old age
Prepared, and found their weal in every stage.

38.

Enough of knowledge unto all was given
In wisdom's way to guide their steps on earth,
And make the immortal spirit fit for heaven.
This needful learning was their right of birth ;
Further might each who chose it persevere ;
No mind was lost for lack of culture here.

39.

And that whole happy region swarm'd with life, . .
Village and town ; . . as busy bees in spring
In sunny days when sweetest flowers are rife,
Fill fields and gardens with their murmuring.
Oh joy to see the State in perfect health !
Her numbers were her pride and power and wealth.

40.

Then saw I, as the magic picture moved,
Her shores enrich'd with many a port and pier ;
No gift of liberal Nature unimproved.

The seas their never-failing harvest here
Supplied, as bounteous as the air which fed
Israel, when manna fell from heaven for bread.

41.

Many a tall vessel in her harbours lay,
About to spread its canvass to the breeze,
Bound upon happy errand to convey
The adventurous colonist beyond the seas,
Toward those distant lands where Britain blest
With her redundant life the East and West.

42.

The landscape changed ; . . a region next was seen,
Where sable swans on rivers yet unfound
Glided through broad savannahs ever-green ;
Innumerable flocks and herds were feeding round,
And scatter'd farms appear'd and hamlets fair,
And rising towns which made another Britain there.

43.

Then thick as stars which stud the moonless sky,
Green islands in a peaceful sea were seen ;
Darken'd no more with blind idolatry,
Nor curst with hideous usages obscene,
But heal'd of leprous crimes, from butchering strife
Deliver'd, and reclaim'd to moral life.

44.

Around the rude Morai, the temple now
Of truth, hosannahs to the Holiest rung :
There from the Christian's equal marriage-vow,
In natural growth the household virtues sprung ;
Children were taught the paths of heavenly peace,
And age in hope look'd on to its release.

45.

The light those happy Islanders enjoy'd,
Good messengers from Britain had convey'd ;
(Where might such bounty wiselier be employ'd ?)
One people with their teachers were they made,
Their arts, their language, and their faith the same,
And blest in all, for all they blest the British name.

46.

Then rose a different land, where loftiest trees
High o'er the grove their fan-like foliage rear ;
Where spicy bowers upon the passing breeze
Diffuse their precious fragrance far and near ;
And yet untaught to bend his massive knee,
Wiseest of brutes, the elephant roams free.

47.

Ministrant there to health and public good,
The busy axe was heard on every side,
Opening new channels, that the noxious wood
With wind and sunshine might be purified,
And that wise Government, the general friend,
Might every where its eye and arm extend.

48.

The half-brutal Bedah came from his retreat,
To human life by human kindness won ;
The Cingalese beheld that work compleat
Which Holland in her day had well begun ;
The Candian, prospering under Britain's reign,
Blest the redeeming hand which broke his chain.

49.

Colours and castes were heeded there no more ;
Laws which depraved, degraded, and opprest,
Were laid aside, for on that happy shore
All men with equal liberty were blest ;
And through the land, the breeze upon its swells
Bore the sweet music of the sabbath bells.

50.

Again the picture changed ; those Isles I saw
With every crime thro' three long centuries curst,
While unrelenting Avarice gave the law ;
Scene of the injured Indians' sufferings first,
Then doom'd, for Europe's lasting shame, to see
The wider-wasting guilt of Slavery.

51.

That foulest blot had been at length effaced ;
Slavery was gone, and all the power it gave,
Whereby so long our nature was debased,
Baleful alike to master and to slave.
O lovely Isles ! ye were indeed a sight
To fill the spirit with intense delight !

52.

For willing industry and chearful toil

Perform'd their easy task, with Hope to aid ;
And the free children of that happy soil
Dwelt each in peace beneath his cocoa's shade ; . .
A race, who with the European mind,
The adapted mould of Africa combined.

53.

Anon, methought that in a spacious Square

Of some great town the goodly ornament,
Three statues I beheld, of sculpture fair :

These, said the Muse, are they whom one consent
Shall there deem worthy of the purest fame ; . .
Knowest thou who best such gratitude may claim ?

54.

Clarkson, I answer'd, first ; whom to have seen

And known in social hours may be my pride,
Such friendship being praise ; and one, I ween,

Is Wilberforce, placed rightly at his side,
Whose eloquent voice in that great cause was heard
So oft and well. But who shall be the third ?

55.

Time, said my Teacher, will reveal the name

Of him who with these worthies shall enjoy
The equal honour of enduring fame ; . .

He who the root of evil shall destroy,
And from our Laws shall blot the accursed word
Of Slave, shall rightly stand with them preferr'd.

56.

Enough! the Goddess cried; with that the cloud
Obey'd, and closed upon the magic scene:
Thus much, quoth she, is to thine hopes allow'd;
Ills may impede, delays may intervene,
But scenes like these the coming age will bless,
If England but pursue the course of righteousness.

57.

On she must go progressively in good,
In wisdom and in weal, . . or she must wane.
Like Ocean, she may have her ebb and flood,
But stagnates not. And now her path is plain:
Heaven's first command she may fulfil in peace,
Replenishing the earth with her increase.

58.

Peace she hath won, . . with her victorious hand
Hath won through rightful war auspicious peace;
Nor this alone, but that in every land
The withering rule of violence may cease.
Was ever War with such blest victory crown'd!
Did ever Victory with such fruits abound!

59.

Rightly for this shall all good men rejoice,
They most who most abhor all deeds of blood;
Rightly for this with reverential voice
Exalt to Heaven their hymns of gratitude;
For ne'er till now did Heaven thy country bless
With such transcendant cause for joy and thankful-
ness.

60.

If they in heart all tyranny abhor,
This was the fall of Freedom's direst foe ;
If they detest the impious lust of war,
Here hath that passion had its overthrow ; ..
As the best prospects of mankind are dear,
Their joy should be compleat, their prayers of praise
sincere.

61.

And thou to whom in spirit at this hour
The vision of thy Country's bliss is given,
Who feelest that she holds her trusted power
To do the will and spread the word of Heaven, ..
Hold fast the faith which animates thy mind,
And in thy songs proclaim the hopes of humankind.

FINIS.

NOTES.

NOTES.

PART I.

*The second day was that when Martel broke
The Musselmen.*—I, p. 14.

UPON this subject Miss Plumptre relates a remarkable anecdote, in the words of one of the sufferers at Lyons.

“ At my entrance into the prison of the Recluse I found about twelve hundred of my fellow-citizens already immured there, distributed in different apartments. The doom of four-fifths of them at least was considered as inevitable: it was less a prison than a fold, where the innocent sheep patiently waited the hour that was to carry them to the revolutionary shambles. In this dreary abode, how long, how tedious did the days appear! they seemed to have many more than twenty-four hours. Yet we were allowed to read and write, and were composed enough to avail ourselves of this privilege; nay we could sometimes even so far forget our situation as to sport and gambol together. The continued images of destruction and devastation which we had before our eyes, the little hope that appeared to any of us of escaping our menaced fate, so familiarized us with the idea of death, that a stoical serenity had taken possession of our minds: we had been kept in a state of fear till the sentiment of fear was lost. All our conversation bore the character of this disposition: it was reflective but not complaining; it was serious without being melancholy; and often presented novel and striking ideas. One day, when we were conversing on the inevitable chain of events, and the irrevocable

order of things, on a sudden one of our party exclaimed that we owed all our misfortunes to Charles Martel. We thought him raving; but thus he reasoned to prove his hypothesis. 'Had not Charles Martel,' said he, 'conquered the Saracens, these latter, already masters of Guienne, of Saintonge, of Perigord, and of Poitou, would soon have extended their dominion over all France, and from that time we should have had no more religious quarrels, no more state disputes; we should not now have assemblies of the people, clubs, committees of public safety, sieges, imprisonments, bloody executions.' To this man the Turkish system of government appeared preferable to the revolutionary regime; and, all chances calculated, he preferred the bow-string of the Bashaw, rarely drawn, to the axe of the guillotine, incessantly at work."

That old siege.—I. p. 15.

"It is uncertain what numbers were slain during the siege of Ostend, yet it is said that there was found in a commissary's pocket, who was slain before Ostend the 7th of August, before the yielding thereof, divers remarkable notes and observations, and among the rest what number died without in the archduke's camp, of every degree.

Masters of the camp	-	-	-	7
Colonels	-	-	-	15
Sergeants Majors	-	-	-	29
Captaines	-	-	-	565
Lieutenants	-	-	-	1116
Ensignes	-			
Sergeants	-			1911
Corporals	-			1166
Lanspisadoes	-			600
Soldiers	-			34663
Marriners	-			611
Women and children				119

All which amount to 72124 persons; which number is not so great, considering the long siege, sickness, and the cold winters

upon the sea coast, in so cold a climate, fighting against the elements. It is unknown what number died in the town, the which is thought much less, for that there were not so many in the town, and they were better lodged, had more ease, and were better victualled." — GRIMSTONE'S *Hist. of the Netherlands*, p. 1317.

"The besieged in Ostend had certain adventuring soldiers whom they called Lopers, of the which, among other captains, were the young captain Grenu, and captain Adam Van Leest. Their arms which they bore were a long and great pike, with a flat head at the neather end thereof, to the end that it should not sink too deep into the mud, a harquebuse hung in a scarf, as we have said of Frebuters, a coutelas at his side, and his dagger about his neck, who would usually leap over a ditch four and twenty foot broad, skirmishing often with his enemy so as no horseman could overtake them before they had leapt over the ditches againe." — *Ibid.* 1299.

"In remembrance of the long siege of Ostend, and the winning of Sluce, there were certaine counters made in the United Provinces, both of silver and copper, the one having on the one side the picture of Ostend, and on the other the towns of Rhinberg, Grave, Sluce, Ardenbourg, and the forts of Isendyke and Cadsant, with this inscription round about. '*Plus triennio obsessa, hosti rudera, patriæ quatuor ex me urbes dedi. Anno 1604.*' Ostend being more than three years besieged, gave the enemy a heap of stones, and to her native country four townes.

"The town of Utrecht did also make a triumphant peice of coyne both of gold and silver, where on the one side stood the siege of Ostend, and on the other the siege of Sluce, and all the forts and havens, and on both sides round about was graven,

'*Jehovah prius dederat plus quam perdidimus.*'"

Ibid. 1318.

*Many a rich vessel from the injurious sea,
Enter the bosom of thy quiet quay.*—I. p. 16.

These lines are borrowed from Quarles; . . the passage in which they occur would be very pleasing if he had not disfigured it in a most extraordinary manner.

‘ Saile gentle Pinnace | now the heavens are clear,
The winds blow fair : behold the harbor’s near.
Tridented Neptune hath forgot to frown,
The rocks are past ; the storme is overblown.
Up weather-beaten voyagers and rouze ye,
Forsake your loathed Cabbins ; up and louze ye
Upon the open decks, and smell the land :
Cheare up, the welcome shoare is nigh at hand.
Saile gentle Pinnace with a prosperous gale
To the Isle of Peace : saile gentle Pinnace saile !
Fortune conduct thee ; let thy keele divide
The silver streames, that thou maist safely slide
Into the bosome of thy quiet Key,
And quite thee fairly of the injurious Sea.

QUARLE’S *Argalus & Parthenia*.

Bruges.—I. p. 16.

Urbs est ad miraculum pulchra, potens, amœna, says Luigi Guicciardini. Its power is gone by, but its beauty is perhaps more impressive now than in the days of its splendour and prosperity.

M. Paquet Syphorien, and many writers after him, mention the preservation of the monuments of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Mary of Burgundy, wife to the Archduke Maximilian ; but they do not mention the name of the Beadle who preserved them at the imminent risque of his own life. Pierre Dezitter is this person’s name. During the revolutionary frenzy, when the mob seemed to take most pleasure in destroying whatever was most venerable, he took these splendid tombs to

pieces and buried them during the night, for which he was proscribed and a reward of 2000 francs set upon his head. Buonaparte, after his marriage into the Austrian family, rewarded him with 1000 francs, and gave 10,000 for ornamenting the chapel in which the tombs were replaced. This has been done with little taste.

*That sisterhood whom to their rule
Of holy life no hasty vows restrain.*—I. p. 21.

The Beguines. Helyot is mistaken when he says (t. viii. p. 6.) that the Beguinage at Meehlin is the finest in all Flanders; it is not comparable to that at Ghent, which for extent and beauty may be called the Capital of the community.

*Alost,
Where whilome treachery stain'd the English nam* ~ I. p. 23.

In 1583, "the English garrison of Alost being mutinied for their pay, the Ganthois did not only refuse to give it them, but did threaten to force them out, or else to famish them. In the mean time the Prince of Parma did not let slip this opportunity to make his profit thereby, but did solicit them by fair words and promises to pay them; and these English companies, not accustomed to endure hunger and want, began to give ear unto him, for that their Colonel Sir John Norris and the States were somewhat slow to provide for their pay, for the which they intended to give order, but it was too late. For after that the English had chased away the rest of the garrison which were of the country, then did Captain Pigot, Vincent, Tailor, and others, agree to deliver up the town unto the Spaniard, giving them for their pay, which they received, thirty thousand pistolets. And so the said town was delivered unto the Spaniard in the beginning of December, and filled with Wallons. Most of these English went to serve the Prince of Parma in his camp before Eckloo, but finding that he trusted them not, they ran in a manner all away."

GRIMSTONE, 833.

It is one proof of the improved state of general feeling in the more civilised states of Europe, that instances of this kind of treachery have long since ceased even to be suspected. During the long wars in the Netherlands, nothing was more common than for officers to change their party, . . considering war as a mere profession, in which their services, like those of a lawyer, were for the best bidder.

Then saw we Afflighem, by ruin rent.—I. p. 23.

This magnificent Abbey was destroyed during the Revolution, . . an act of popular madness which the people in its vicinity now spoke of with unavailing regret. The library was at one time the richest in Brabant; "*celeberrima*," Luigi Guicciardini calls it, "*adeo quidem, ut quod ad libros antiquos habeatur pro locupletissima simul et laudatissima universa istius tractus*." The destruction of books during the Revolution was deplorably great. A bookseller at Brussels told me he had himself at one time sent off five and twenty waggon-loads for waste paper, and sold more than 100,000lb. weight for the same purpose! In this manner were the convent-libraries destroyed.

Assche, for water and for cakes renown'd.—I. p. 24.

The Flemish name of these said cakes has a marvellously uncouth appearance, . . *suyker-koekxhens*, . . nevertheless they are good cakes, and are sold by Judocus de Bisschop, at the sign of the Moor, next door to the *Auberge la Tête-de-Bœuf*. This information is for those whom it may concern.

When Belgian ears were taught

The British soldier's cry, half groan, half prayer,

Breathed when his pain was more than he can bear.—II. p. 28.

One of our coachmen, who had been employed (like all his fraternity) in removing the wounded, asked us what was the meaning of the English word *O Lord!* for thus, he said, the wounded were continually crying out.

Brabant in all her cities felt the sound.—II. p. 28.

The battle of the 18th was heard throughout the whole of Brabant, and in some directions far beyond it. It was distinctly heard at Herve; and I have been assured, incredible as it may seem, that it was perceived at Amiens. The firing on the 16th was heard at Antwerp, . . not that of the 18th, though the scene of action was nearer.

Here Castanaca rear'd a votive fane.—III. p. 31.

The following dedicatory inscription is placed over the portico of Waterloo Church.

D. O. M.

Et D. D. Josepho et Annæ

Hoc Sacellum

Pro Desiderata Dominiis Catholicis

Caroli. 2. Hisp. Ind. Regis Belg. Principis Prosapia Fran.

Ant. Agurto Marchio de Castanaca Belg. Gubernator.

The *a* in *Gubernator* has been left out, either by the mistake of the workmen, or for want of room.

Carlos II. of Spain, one of the most wretched of men, married for his first wife Marie Louise, Lewis the Fourteenth's niece. A curious instance of the public anxiety that she should produce an heir to the throne is preserved by Florez in his *Memorias de las Reynas Catholicas*. When she had been married two years without issue, this strange epigram, if so it may be called, was circulated.

Parid bella Flor de Lis

En affliccion tan estrana:

Si parís, parís à Espana,

Si no parís, à París.

Florez describes the dress of the bride at her espousals: it was a robe of murray velvet embroidered with fleurs de lys of gold trimmed with ermine and jewels, and with a train of seven ells long; the princesses of the blood had all long trains, but

not so long, the length being according to their proximity to the throne. The description of a Queen's dress accorded well with the antiquarian pursuits of Florez; but it is amusing to observe some of the expressions of this laborious writer, a monk of the most rigid habits, whose life was spent in severe study, and in practices of mortification. In her head-dress, he says, she wore porcelain pins which supported large diamonds, . . . *y convertian en cielo aquel poco de tierra*; and at the ball after the espousals, *el Christianissimo danzó con la Catholica*. These appellations sound almost as oddly as Messrs. Bogue and Bennett's description of St. Paul in a minuet, and Timothy at a card-table.

This poor Queen lived eight years with a husband whose mind and body were equally debilitated. Never were the miseries of a mere state-marriage more lamentably exemplified. In her last illness, when she was advised to implore the prayers of a personage who was living in the odour of sanctity for her recovery, she replied, Certainly I will not; . . . it would be folly to ask for a life which is worth so little. And when toward the last her Confessor enquired if any thing troubled her, her answer was, that she was in perfect peace, and rejoiced that she was dying, . . . *en paz me hallo Padre, y muy gustosa de morir*. She died on the 12th of February; and such was the solicitude for an heir to the monarchy, that on the 15th of May a second marriage was concluded for the King.

Plain tablets by the soldier's hand

Raised to his comrades in a foreign land. — III. p. 31.

The inscriptions in the church are as follows: —

Sacred
to the Memory
of

Lt. Col. Edward Stables

—— Sir Francis D'Oyley, K. C. B.

—— Charles Thomas

—— William Miller

—— William Henry Milner

Capt. Robert Adair
 — Edward Grose
 — Newton Chambers
 — Thomas Brown
 Ensign Edward Pardoe
 — James Lord Hay
 — the Hon. S. S. P. Barrington
 of

His Britannic Majesty's
 First Regiment of Foot Guards,
 who fell gloriously in the battle
 of Quatre Bras and Waterloo*, on
 the 16th and 18th of June,
 1815.

The Officers of the
 Regiment have erected this
 Monument in commemoration
 of the fall of their
 Gallant Companions.

To
 the Memory of
 of
 Major Edwin Griffith,
 Lt. Isaac Sherwood, and
 Lt. Henry Buckley,
 Officers in the XV King's Regiment of Hussars
 (British)
 who fell in the battle of
 Waterloo,
 June 18, 1815.

This stone was erected by the Officers
 of that Regiment,
 as a testimony of their respect.

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.

* The word is thus mis-spelt.

The two following are the epitaphs in the church-yard :

D. O. M.

Sacred to the Memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Fitz Gerald, of the Second Regiment of Life Guards of his Britannic Majesty, who fell gloriously at the battle of La Belle Alliance, near this town, on the 18th of June, 1815, in the 41st year of his life, deeply and deservedly regretted by his family and friends. To a manly loftiness of soul he united all the virtues that could render him an ornament to his profession, and to private and social life.

Aux manes du plus vertueux des hommes, généralement estimé et regretté de sa famille et de ses amis, le Lieutenant-Colonel Fitz Gerald, de la Gard du Corps de sa Majesté Britannique, tué glorieusement à la bataille de la Belle Alliance, le 18 June, 1815.

R. I. P.

D. O. M.

*Ici repose le Colonel
De Langrehr, Commandant
le premier Bataillon de
Bremen, Blessé à Mort à
la Bataille de Waterloo,
le 18 June, 1815, et enterré
le lendemain, âgé,
de 40 ans.*

R. I. P.

Lord Uxbridge's leg is buried in a garden opposite to the inn, or rather public-house, at Waterloo. The owner of the house in which the amputation was performed considers it as a relic which has fallen to his share. He had deposited it at first behind the house, but as he intended to plant a tree upon the spot, he considered, that as the ground there was not his own property, the boys might injure or destroy the tree, and therefore he removed the leg into his own garden, where it lies in a proper sort of coffin, under a mound of earth about three or

four feet in diameter. A tuft of Michaelmas daisies was in blossom upon this mound when we were at Waterloo; but this was a temporary ornament: in November the owner meant to plant a weeping willow there. He was obliging enough to give me a copy of an epitaph which he had prepared, and which, he said, was then in the stone-cutter's hands. It is as follows:

Ci est enterrée la Jambe de l'illustre, brave, et vaillant Comte Uzbridge, Lieutenant-Général, Commandant en Chef la Cavalerie Angloise, Belge, et Hollandoise; blessé le 18 Juin, 1815, a la mémorable bataille de Waterloo; qui par son héroïsme a concouru au triomphe de la cause du Genre humain, glorieusement décidée par l'éclatante victoire du dit jour.

*When Marlborough here, victorious in his might,
Surprized the French, and smote them in their flight.*

III. p. 32.

A detachment of the French was entrenched at Waterloo Chapel, August 1705, when the Duke of Marlborough advanced to attack the French army at Over Ysche, and this detachment was destroyed with great slaughter. (*Echard's Gazetteer*.) The Sieur La Lande says, "*on donne la chasse à un parte François qui étoit à Waterloo*." Marlborough was prevented by the Deputies of the States from pursuing his advantage, and attacking the enemy, at a time when he made sure of victory. — *Hist. de l'Empereur Charles VI.*, t. ii. p. 90.

*Mount St. John,
The hamlet which the Highlanders that day
Preserved from spoil. — III. p. 33.*

The peasant who led us over the field resided at this hamlet. Mont St. Jean was every thing to him, and his frequent exclamations of admiration for the courage of the Highlanders in particular, and indeed of the whole army, always ended with a reference to his own dwelling-place: "if they had not

fought so well, *Oh mon Dieu*, Mont St. Jean would have been burnt."

This was an intelligent man, of very impressive countenance and manners. Like all the peasantry with whom we conversed, he spoke with the bitterest hatred of Buonaparte, as the cause of all the slaughter and misery he had witnessed, and repeatedly expressed his astonishment that he had not been put to death. My house, said he, was full of the wounded: . . it was nothing but sawing off legs, and sawing off arms. Oh my God, and all for one man! Why did you not put him to death? I myself would have put him to death with my own hand.

Small theatre for such a tragedy.—III. p. 34.

So important a battle perhaps was never before fought within so small an extent of ground. I computed the distance between Hougoumont and Papelot at three miles; in a straight line it might probably not exceed two and a half.

Our guide was very much displeased at the name which the battle had obtained in England. Why call it the battle of Waterloo? he said, . . call it Mont St. Jean, call it La Belle Alliance, call it Hougoumont, call it La Haye Sainte, call it Papelot, . . any thing but Waterloo.

Admiring Belgium saw

The youth proved worthy of his destined crown.—III. p. 35.

A man at Les Quatre Bras, who spoke with the usual enthusiasm of the Prince of Orange's conduct in the campaign, declared that he fought "like a devil on horseback." Looking at a portrait of the Queen of the Netherlands, a lady observed that there was a resemblance to the Prince; a young Fleming was quite angry at this, . . he could not bear that his hero should not be thought beautiful as well as brave.

Genappe. — IV. p. 47.

At the Roy d'Espagne, where we were lodged, Wellington had his head-quarters on the 17th, Buonaparte on the 18th, and Blucher on the 19th. The coachmen had told us that it was an *assez bon auberge*; but when one of them in the morning asked how we had passed the night, he observed that no one ever *slept* at Genappe, . . it was impossible, because of the continual passing of posts and coal-carts.

The Cross Roads. — IV. p. 50.

It is odd that the inscription upon the directing-post at Les Quatre Bras, (or rather boards, for they are fastened against a house,) should be given wrongly in the account of the campaign printed at Frankfort. The real directions are,

$\frac{1}{4}$ de p^{te} ver St. Douler
 $\frac{2}{4}$ de p^{te} ver Genappe
 $\frac{2}{4}$ de p^{te} ver Marbais
 $\frac{2}{4}$ de p^{te} ver Frasne.

spelt in this manner, and ill cut. I happened to copy it in a mood of superfluous minuteness.

A fat and jolly Walloon, who inhabited this corner house, ate his dinner in peace at twelve o'clock on the 16th, and was driven out by the balls flying about his ears at four the same day. This man described that part of the action which took place in his sight, with great animation. He was particularly impressed by the rage, . . the absolute fury which the French displayed; they cursed the English while they were fighting, and cursed the precision with which the English grape shot was fired, which, said the man, was neither too high nor too low, but struck right in the middle. The last time that a British army had been in this place, the Duke of York slept in this man's bed, . . an event which the Walloon remembered with gratitude as well as pride, the Duke having given him a Louis d'or.

O wherefore have ye spared his head accurst!—IV. p. 53.

Among the peasantry with whom we conversed this feeling was universal. We met with many persons who disliked the union with Holland, and who hated the Prussians, but none who spoke in favour or even in palliation of Buonaparte. The manner in which this ferocious beast, as they call him, has been treated, has given a great shock to the moral feelings of mankind. The almost general mode of accounting for it on the Continent, is by a supposition that England purposely let him loose from Elba in order to have a pretext for again attacking France, and crippling a country which she had left too strong, and which would soon have outstripped her in prosperity. I found it impossible to dispossess even men of sound judgement and great ability of this belief, preposterous as it is; and when they read the account of the luxuries which have been sent to St. Helena for the accommodation of this great criminal, they will consider it as the fullest proof of their opinion.

And now they felt the Prussian's heavy hand. — IV. p. 54.

Wherever we went we heard one cry of complaint against the Prussians, . . except at Ligny, where the people had witnessed only their courage and their sufferings. This is the effect of making the military spirit predominate in a nation. The conduct of our men was universally extolled; but it required years of exertion and severity before Lord Wellington brought the British army to its present state of discipline. The moral discipline of an army has never perhaps been understood by any General, except the great Gustavus. Even in its best state, with all the alleviations of courtesy and honour, with all the correctives of morality and religion, war is so great an evil, that to engage in it without a clear necessity is a crime of the blackest die. When the necessity is clear, (and such, assuredly, I hold it to have been in our struggle with Buonaparte,) it then becomes a crime to shrink from it.

What I have said of the Prussians relates solely to their conduct in an allied country; and I must also say that the Prussian officers with whom I had the good fortune to associate, were men who in every respect did honour to their profession and to their country. But that the general conduct of their troops in Belgium had excited a strong feeling of disgust and indignation we had abundant and indisputable testimony. In France they had old wrongs to revenge, . . and forgiveness of injuries is not among the virtues which are taught in camps. The annexed anecdotes are reprinted from one of our newspapers, and ought to be preserved.

"A Prussian Officer, on his arrival at Paris, particularly requested to be billeted on the house of a lady inhabiting the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*. His request was complied with, and on his arriving at the lady's hotel he was shown into a small but comfortable sitting-room, with a handsome bed-chamber adjoining it. With these rooms he appeared greatly dissatisfied, and desired that the lady should give up to him her apartment (on the first floor), which was very spacious, and very elegantly furnished. To this the lady made the strongest objections; but the Officer insisted, and she was under the necessity of retiring to the second floor. He afterwards sent a message to her by one of her servants, saying that he destined the second floor for his *Aid-de-Camp*, &c. &c. This occasioned more violent remonstrances from the lady, but they were totally unavailing, and unattended to by the Officer, whose only answer was, "*obéissez à mes ordres.*" He then called for the cook, and told him he must prepare a handsome dinner for six persons, and desired the lady's butler to take care that the best wines the cellar contained should be forthcoming. After dinner he desired the hostess should be sent for; . . she obeyed the summons. The Officer then addressed her, and said, 'No doubt, Madam, but you consider my conduct as indecorous and brutal in the extreme.' 'I must confess,' replied she, 'that I did not expect such treatment from an officer; as, in general, military men are ever disposed to show every degree of deference and respect to our

sex.' 'You think me then a most perfect barbarian? answer me frankly.' 'If you really, then, desire my undisguised opinion of the subject, I must say, that I think your conduct truly barbarous.' 'Madam, I am entirely of your opinion; but I only wished to give you a specimen of the behaviour and conduct of your son, during *six months* that he resided in my house, after the entrance of the French army into the Prussian capital. I do not, however, mean to follow a bad example. You will resume, therefore, your apartment to-morrow, and I will seek lodgings at some public hotel.' The lady then retired, extolling the generous conduct of the Prussian officer, and deprecating that of her son."

"Another Prussian officer was lodged at the house of Marshal Ney, in whose stables and coach-house he found a great number of horses and carriages. He immediately ordered some Prussian soldiers, who accompanied him, to take away *nine* of the horses and *three* of the carriages. Ney's servants violently remonstrated against this proceeding, on which the Prussian officer observed, 'they are my property, inasmuch as your master took the same number of horses and carriages from me when he entered Berlin with the French army.' I think you will agree with me, that the *lex talionis* was never more properly nor more justly resorted to."

PART II.

The Martyr. — I. p. 68.

Sir Thomas Brown writes upon this subject with his usual feeling.

"We applaud not," says he, "the judgement of Machiavel, that Christianity makes men cowards, or that, with the confidence of but half dying, the despised virtues of patience and humility have abased the spirits of men, which Pagan principles exalted; but rather regulated the wildness of audacities in the attempts, grounds, and eternal sequels of death, wherein men of the boldest spirit are often prodigiously temerarious.

Nor can we extenuate the valour of ancient martyrs, who contemned death in the uncomfortable scene of their lives, and in their decrepit martyrdoms did probably lose not many months of their days, or parted with life when it was scarce worth living. For (beside that long time past holds no consideration unto a slender time to come) they had no small disadvantage from the constitution of old age, which naturally makes men fearful, and complexionally superannuated from the bold and courageous thoughts of youth and fervent years. But the contempt of death from corporal animosity promoteth not our felicity. They may sit in the Orchestra and noblest seats of Heaven who have held up shaking hands in the fire, and humanly contended for glory." — *Hydriotaphia*, 17.

In purple and in scarlet clad, behold

The Harlot sits, adorn'd with gems and gold! — III. p. 78.

The homely but scriptural appellation by which our fathers were wont to designate the Church of Rome has been delicately softened down by latter writers. I have seen her somewhere called the Scarlet Woman, . . and Helen Maria Williams names her *the Dissolute* of Babylon.

Let me here offer a suggestion in defence of Voltaire. Is it not probable, or rather can any person doubt, that the *écrasez l'infame*, upon which so horrible a charge against him has been raised, refers to the Church of Rome, under this well-known designation? No man can hold the principles of Voltaire in stronger abhorrence than I do, . . but it is an act of justice to exculpate him from this monstrous accusation.

For till the sons their fathers' fault repent,

The old error brings its direful punishment. — III. p. 80.

"Political chimeras," says Count Stollberg, "are innumerable; but the most chimerical of all is the project of imagining that a people deeply sunk in degeneracy are capable of recovering the ancient grandeur of freedom. Who tosses the bird

into the air after his wings are clipped? So far from restoring it to the power of flight, it will but disable it more. — *Travels*, iii. 139.

The lark

Pour'd forth her lyric strain. — III. p. 84.

The epithet *lyric*, as applied to the lark, is borrowed from one of Donne's poems. I mention this more particularly for the purpose of repairing an accidental omission in the notes to Roderick; . . it is the duty of every poet to acknowledge all his obligations of this kind to his predecessors.

Public crimes

Draw on their proper punishment below. — IV. p. 92.

I will insert here a passage from one of Lord Brooke's poems. Few writers have ever given proofs of profounder thought than this friend of Sir Philip Sydney. Had his command of language been equal to his strength of intellect, I scarcely know the author whom he would not have surpassed.

XXI.

Some love no equals, some superiors scorn,
 One seeks more worlds, and this will Helen have;
 This covets gold, with divers faces borne,
 These humours reign, and lead men to their grave;
 Whereby for bayes and little wages, we
 Ruin ourselves to raise up tyranny.

XXII.

And as when winds among themselves do jar,
 Seas there are tost, and wave with wave must fight;
 So when power's restless humours bring forth War,
 There people bear the faults and wounds of Might;
 The error and diseases of the head
 Descending still until the limbs be dead.

XXIII.

Yet are not people's errors ever free

From guilt of wounds they suffer by the war ;

Never did any public misery

Rise of itself : God's plagues still grounded are

On common stains of our humanity ;

And to the flame which ruineth mankind

Man gives the matter, or at least gives wind.

A Treatie of Warres.

The extract which follows, from the same author, bears as directly upon the effects of the military system as if it had been written with a reference to Buonaparte's government. The thoughtful reader will perceive its intrinsic value, through its difficult language and uncouth versification.

LIX.

Let us then thus conclude, that only they

Whose end in this world is the world to come,

Whose hearts' desire is that their desires may

Measure themselves by Truth's eternal doom,

Can in the *War* find nothing that they prize,

Who in the world would not be great or wise.

LX.

With these, I say, War, Conquest, Honour, Fame,

Stand (as the world) neglected or forsaken,

Like Error's cobwebs, in whose curious frame

She only joys and mourns, takes and is taken ;

In which these dying, that to God live thus,

Endure our conquests, would not conquer us.

LXI.

Where all states else that stand on power, not grace,
 And gage desire by no such spiritual measure,
 Make it their end to reign in every place,
 To war for honour, for revenge and pleasure;
 Thinking the strong should keep the weak in awe,
 And every inequality give law.

LXII.

These serve the world to rule her by her arts,
 Raise mortal trophies upon mortal passion;
 Their wealth, strength, glory, growing from those hearts
 Which to their ends they ruin and disfaction;
 The more remote from God the less remorse;
 Which still gives Honour power, Occasion force.

LXIII.

These make the Sword their judge of wrong and right
 Their story Fame, their laws but Power and Wit;
 Their endless mine all vanities of Might,
 Rewards and Pains the mystery of it;
 And in this sphere, this wilderness of evils,
 None prosper highly but the perfect Devils.

A Treatie of Warres.

They had the Light, and from the Light they turn'd.—IV. p. 98.

“Let no ignorance,” says Lord Brooke, “seem to excuse mankind; since the light of truth is still near us, the tempter and accuser at such continual war within us, the laws that guide so good for them that obey, and the first shape of every sin so ugly, as whosoever does but what he knows, or forbears what he doubts, shall easily follow nature unto grace.”

“God left not the world without information from the beginning; so that wherever we find ignorance, it must be charged to the account of man, as having rejected, and not to that of

his Maker, as having denied, the necessary means of instruction." — HORNE's *Considerations on the Life of St. John the Baptist*.

Napoleon. — IV. p. 93.

It is amusing to look back upon the flattery which was offered to Buonaparte. Some poems of Mme. Fanny de Beauharnois exhibit rich specimens of this kind: she praises him for

*la douce humanité
Que le dévore de sa flamme.*

Of the battle of Austerlitz she says,

*Dans ce jour mémorable on dut finir la guerre,
Et que nommeront maints auteurs
La Trinité des Empereurs,
Vous seul en êtes le mystère.*

Subsequent events give to some of these adulatory strains an interest which they would else have wanted.

*Napoléon, objet de nos hommages,
Et Josephine, objet non moins aimé,
Couple que l'Eternel l'un pour l'autre a formé,
Vous êtes ses plus beaux ouvrages.*

In some stanzas called *Les Trois Bateaux*, upon the vessels in which Alexander and Buonaparte held their conferences before the Peace of Tilsit, the following prophecy is introduced, with a felicity worthy of the Edinburgh Review :

*Tremble, tremble, frère Albion !
Guidé par d'heureuses étoiles,
Ces généreux bateaux, exempts d'ambition,
Vont triompher par-tout de tes cent mille voiles.*

The *Grand Napoléon* is the
*Enfant chéri de Mars et d'Apollon,
Qu'aucun revers ne peut abattre.*

Here follows part of an Arabic poem by Michael Sabbag, addressed to Buonaparte on his marriage with Marie Louise, and printed with translations in French prose and German verse, in the first volume of the *Fundgruben des Orients*.

"August Prince, whom Heaven has given us for Sovereign, and who holdest among the greatest monarchs of thy age the same rank which the diadem holds upon the head of Kings,

"Thou hast reached the summit of happiness, and by thine invincible courage hast attained a glory which the mind of man can scarcely comprehend;

"Thou hast imprinted upon the front of time the remembrance of thine innumerable exploits in characters of light, one of which alone suffices with its brilliant rays to enlighten the whole universe.

"Who can resist him who is never abandoned by the assistance of Heaven, who has Victory for his guide, and whose course is directed by God himself?

"In every age Fortune produces a hero who is the pearl of his time; amidst all these extraordinary men thou shinest like an inestimable diamond in a necklace of precious stones.

"The least of thy subjects, in whatever country he may be, is the object of universal homage, and enjoys thy glory, the splendour of which is reflected upon him.

"All virtues are united in thee, but the justice which regulates all thy actions would alone suffice to immortalize thy name.

* * * * *

"Perhaps the English will now understand at last that it is folly to oppose themselves to the wisdom of thy designs, and to strive against thy fortune."

A figure of Liberty, which during the days of Jacobinism was erected at Aix in Provence, was demolished during the night about the time when Buonaparte assumed the empire. Among the squibs to which this gave occasion, was the following question and answer between Pasquin and Marforio. Pasquin enquires, *Mais qu'est-ce qui est devenu donc de la Liberté?* . . Heyday, what is become of Liberty then? . . To which

Marforio replies, *Bête! elle est morte en s'accouchant d'un Empereur*. . . Blockhead! she is dead in bringing forth an Emperor. — Miss PLUMTRE's *Narrative*, ii. 382.

Well may the lines of Pindar respecting Tantalus be applied to Buonaparte.

Εἰ δὲ δὴ τίγ' ἄν-
δρα θνατὸν Ὀλύμπου σκοποὶ ἐτίμα-
σαν, ἦν Τάνταλος οὔτος. Ἀλλὰ γὰρ κατα-
πέφαι μέγαν ὄλβον οὐκ ἔδν-
νάσθη· κάρη δ' ἔλεν
Ἀταν ὑπέροπλον.

PINDAR, *Ol.* 1.

Num se deve accusar a Fortuna de cega, mas sô aos que della se deixam cegar. It is not Fortune, says D. Luiz da Cunha, who ought to be accused of blindness, . . but they who let themselves be blinded by her. — MEMORIAS DESDE 1659 *athé* 1706. MSS.

Lieutenant Bowerbank, in his Journal of what passed on board the Bellerophon, has applied a passage from Horace to the same effect, with humourous felicity.

I, BONE, *quo virtus tua te vocat,*
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia.

EPIST. 2. lib. ii. v. 37.

One bead more in this string of quotations: *Un Roi philosophe*, says the Comte de Puissaye, speaking of Frederic of Prussia, *dans le sens de nos jours, est selon moi le plus terrible fléau que le ciel puisse envoyer aux habitans de la terre. Mais l'idée d'un Roi philosophe et despote, est un injure au sens commun, un outrage à la raison.* — Mémoires, t. iii. 125.

On Waterloo

*The Tyrant's fortune in the scale was weigh'd,
His fortune and the World's, and England threw
Her sword into the balance.* — IV. p. 95.

"How highly has Britain been honoured," says Alexander Knox, in a letter to Hannah More written not long after the

battle of Waterloo; "and yet how awefully has all undue exultation been repressed by the critical turn which, after all, effected a prosperous conclusion. It was not human wisdom which wrought our deliverance; for when policy (as well as prowess) had done its utmost, Buonaparte's return from Elba seemed at once to undo all that had been accomplished. It was not human power; for at Waterloo the prize was as much as ever to be contended for; and notwithstanding all that had been achieved, the fate of Europe once more trembled on the balance. Never, surely, did so momentous and vital a contest terminate at once so happily and so instructively." — KNOX's *Remains*, iv. 297.

CARMEN NUPTIALE.

THE

LAY OF THE LAUREATE.

TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

THE FOLLOWING POEM
IS DEDICATED
WITH PROFOUND RESPECT

BY
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S MOST DUTIFUL
AND
MOST DEVOTED SERVANT

ROBERT SOUTHEY

POET LAUREATE.

THE LAY OF THE LAUREATE.

PROEM.

PROEM.

1.

THERE was a time when all my youthful thought
 Was of the Muse ; and of the Poet's fame,
 How fair it flourisheth and fadeth not, . .
 Alone enduring, when the Monarch's name
 Is but an empty sound, the Conqueror's bust
 Moulders and is forgotten in the dust.

2.

How best to build the imperishable lay
 Was then my daily care, my dream by night ;
 And early in adventurous essay
 My spirit imp'd her wings for stronger flight ;
 Fair regions Fancy open'd to my view, . .
 " There lies thy path, "she said ;" do thou that path
 pursue !

3.

" For what hast thou to do with wealth or power,
 Thou whom rich Nature at thy happy birth
 Blest in her bounty with the largest dower
 That Heaven indulges to a child of Earth, . .
 Then when the sacred Sisters for their own
 Baptized thee in the springs of Helicon ?

4.

“ They promised for thee that thou shouldst eschew
All low desires, all empty vanities ;
That thou shouldst, still to Truth and Freedom true,
The applause or censure of the herd despise ;
And in obedience to their impulse given,
Walk in the light of Nature and of Heaven.

5.

“ Along the World’s high-way let others croud,
Jostling and moiling on through dust and heat ;
Far from the vain, the vicious, and the proud,
Take thou content in solitude thy seat ;
To noble ends devote thy sacred art,
And nurse for better worlds thine own immortal part !”

6.

Praise to that Power who from my earliest days,
Thus taught me what to seek and what to shun
Who turn’d my footsteps from the crouded ways,
Appointing me my better course to run
In solitude, with studious leisure blest,
The mind unfetter’d, and the heart at rest.

7.

For therefore have my days been days of joy,
And all my paths are paths of pleasantness :
And still my heart, as when I was a boy,
Doth never know an ebb of cheerfulness ;
Time, which matures the intellectual part,
Hath tinged my hairs with grey, but left untouch’d
my heart.

Sometimes I soar where Fancy guides the rein,
 Beyond this visible diurnal sphere ;
 But most with long and self-approving pain,
 Patient pursue the historian's task severe ;
 Thus in the ages which are past I live,
 And those which are to come my sure reward will give.

9.

Yea in this now, while Malice frets her hour,
 Is foretaste given me of that meed divine ;
 Here undisturb'd in this sequester'd bower,
 The friendship of the good and wise is mine ;
 And that greenwreath which decks the Bard when dead,
 That laureate garland crowns my living head.

10.

That wreath which in Eliza's golden days
 My master dear, divinest Spenser, wore,
 That which rewarded Drayton's learned lays,
 Which thoughtful Ben and gentle Daniel bore, . .
 Grin, Envy, through thy ragged mask of scorn !
 In honour it was given, with honour it is worn !

11.

Proudly I raised the high thanksgiving strain
 Of victory in a rightful cause achieved ;
 For which I long had look'd and not in vain,
 As one who with firm faith and undeceived,
 In history and the heart of man could find
 Sure presage of deliverance for mankind.

12.

Proudly I offer'd to the royal ear

My song of joy when War's dread work was done,
And glorious Britain round her satiate spear

The olive garland twined by Victory won;
Exulting as became me in such cause,
I offer'd to the Prince his People's just applause.

13.

And when, as if the tales of old Romance

Were but to typify his splendid reign,
Princes and Potentates from conquer'd France,

And chiefs in arms approved, a peerless train,
Assembled at his Court, . . my duteous lays
Preferr'd a welcome of enduring praise.

14.

And when that last and most momentous hour,

Beheld the re-risen cause of evil yield
To the Red Cross and England's arm of power,

I sung of Waterloo's unequall'd field,
Paying the tribute of a soul embued
With deepest joy devout and awful gratitude.

15.

Such strains beseem'd me well. But how shall I

To hymeneal numbers tune the string,
Who to the trumpet's martial symphony,

And to the mountain gales am wont to sing?
How may these unaccustom'd accents suit
To the sweet dulcimer and courtly lute?

16.

Fitter for me the lofty strain severe,
 That calls for vengeance for mankind oppress ;
 Fitter the songs that youth may love to hear,
 Which warm and elevate the throbbing breast ;
 Fitter for me with meed of solemn verse,
 In reverence to adorn the hero's herse.

17.

But then my Master dear arose to mind,
 He on whose song while yet I was a boy,
 My spirit fed, attracted to its kind,
 And still insatiate of the growing joy ; . .
 He on whose tomb these eyes were wont to dwell,
 With inward yearnings which I may not tell ;

18.

He whose green bays shall bloom for ever young,
 And whose dear name whenever I repeat,
 Reverence and love are trembling on my tongue ;
 Sweet Spenser, sweetest Bard ; yet not more sweet
 Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise,
 High Priest of all the Muses' mysteries.

19.

I call'd to mind that mighty Master's song,
 When he brought home his beautifulest bride,
 And Mulla murmur'd her sweet undersong,
 And Mole with all his mountain woods replied ;
 Never to mortal lips a strain was given,
 More rich with love, more redolent of Heaven.

20.

His cup of joy was mantling to the brim,
Yet solemn thoughts enhanced his deep delight ;
A holy feeling fill'd his marriage-hymn,
And Love aspired with Faith a heavenward flight.
And hast not thou, my Soul, a solemn theme ?
I said, and mused until I fell into a dream.

THE LAY OF THE LAUREATE.

THE DREAM.

THE DREAM.

1.

METHOUGHT I heard a stir of hasty feet,
And horses tramp'd and coaches roll'd along,
And there were busy voices in the street,
As if a multitude were hurrying on ;
A stir it was which only could befall
Upon some great and solemn festival.

2.

Such crowds I saw, and in such glad array,
It seem'd some general joy had fill'd the land ;
Age had a sunshine on its cheek that day,
And children, tottering by the mother's hand,
Too young to ask why all this joy should be,
Partook it, and rejoiced for sympathy.

3.

The shops, that no dull care might intervene,
Were closed ; the doors within were lined with
heads ;
Glad faces were at every window seen,
And from the cluster'd house-tops and the leads,
Others who took their stand in patient row,
Look'd down upon the crowds that swarm'd below.

4.

And every one of all that numerous throng
On head or breast a marriage symbol bore ;
The war-horse proudly as he paced along
Those joyous colours in his forelock wore,
And arch'd his stately neck as for delight,
To show his mane thus pompously bedight.

5.

From every church the merry bells rung round
With gladdening harmony heard far and wide ;
In many a mingled peal of swelling sound,
The hurrying music came on every side ;
And banners from the steeples waved on high,
And streamers flutter'd in the sun and sky.

6.

Anon the cannon's voice in thunder spake,
Westward it came, the East return'd the sound ;
Burst after burst the innocuous thunders brake,
And roll'd from side to side with quick rebound.
O happy land, where that terrific voice
Speaks but to bid all habitants rejoice !

7.

Thereat the crowd rush'd forward one and all,
And I too in my dream was borne along.
Eftsoon, methought, I reach'd a festal hall,
Where guards in order ranged repell'd the throng,
But I had entrance through that guarded door,
In honour to the laureate crown I wore.

8.

That spacious hall was hung with trophies round,
Memorials proud of many a well-won day :
The flag of France there trail'd toward the ground ;
There in captivity her Eagles lay,
And under each in aye-enduring gold,
One well-known word its fatal story told.

9.

There read I Nile conspicuous from afar,
And Egypt and Maida there were found ;
And Copenhagen there and Trafalgar ;
Vimeiro and Busaco's day renown'd ;
There too was seen Barrosa's bloody name,
And Albuhera, dear-bought field of fame.

10.

Yon spoils from boastful Massena were won ;
Those Marmont left in that illustrious fight
By Salamanca, when too soon the sun [flight.
Went down, and darkness hid the Frenchman's
'These from Vittoria were in triumph borne,
When from the Intruder's head Spain's stolen crown
was torn.

11.

These on Pyrene's awful heights were gain'd,
The trophies of that memorable day, [stain'd.
When deep with blood her mountain springs were
Above the clouds and lightnings of that fray,
Wheeling afar the affrighted eagles fled ;
Ate even the wolves came forth and prey'd upon the dead.

12.

And blood-stain'd flags were here from Orthies borne,
Trampled by France beneath her flying feet;
And what before Thoulouse from Soult were torn
When the stern Marshal met his last defeat,
Yielding once more to Britain's arm of might,
And Wellington in mercy spared his flight.

13.

There hung the Eagles which with victory flush'd,
From Fleurus and from Ligny proudly flew,
To see the Usurper's high-sworn fortune crush'd
For ever on the field of Waterloo, . .
Day of all days, surpassing in its fame
All fields of elder or of later name!

14.

There too the painter's universal art,
Each story told to all beholders' eyes;
And Sculpture there had done her fitting part,
Bidding the forms perdurable arise
Of those great Chiefs, who in the field of fight
Had best upheld their country's sacred right.

15.

There stood our peerless Edward, gentle-soul'd,
The Sable Prince of chivalry the flower;
And that Plantagenet of sterner mould,
He who the conquer'd crown of Gallia wore;
And Blake, and Nelson, Glory's favourite son,
And Marlborough there, and Wolfe and Wellington.

16.

But from the statues and the storied wall,
The living scene withdrew my wondering sense;
For with accordant pomp that gorgeous hall
Was fill'd; and I beheld the opulence
Of Britain's Court, . . a proud assemblage there,
Her Statesmen, and her Warriors. and her Fair.

17.

Amid that Hall of Victory side by side,
Conspicuous o'er the splendid company,
There sate a royal Bridegroom and his Bride;
In her fair cheek, and in her bright blue eye,
Her flaxen locks and her benignant mien,
The marks of Brunswick's Royal Line were seen.

18.

Of princely lineage and of princely heart,
The Bridegroom seem'd, . . a man approved in fight,
Who in the great deliverance bore his part,
And had pursued the recreant Tyrant's flight
When driven from injured Germany he fled,
Bearing the curse of God and Man upon his head.

19.

Guardant before his feet a Lion lay,
The Saxon Lion, terrible of yore,
Who in his wither'd limbs and lean decay,
The marks of long and cruel bondage bore;
But broken now beside him lay the chain,
Which gall'd and fretted late his neck and mane.

20.

A Lion too was couch'd before the Bride ;
That noble Beast had never felt the chain ;
Strong were his sinewy limbs and smooth his hide,
And o'er his shoulders broad the affluent mane
Dishevell'd hung ; beneath his feet were laid
Torn flags of France whereon his bed he made.

21.

Full different were those Lions twain in plight,
Yet were they of one brood ; and side by side
Of old, the Gallic Tyger in his might
They many a time had met, and quell'd his pride,
And made the treacherous spoiler from their ire
Cowering and crippled to his den retire.

22.

Two Forms divine on either side the throne,
Its heavenly guardians, male and female stood ;
His eye was bold, and on his brow there shone
Contempt of all base things, and pride subdued
To wisdom's will : a warrior's garb he wore,
And HONOUR was the name the Genius bore.

23.

That other form was in a snow-white vest,
As well her virgin loveliness became ;
Erect her port, and on her spotless breast
A blood-red cross was hung : FAITH was her name,
As by that sacred emblem might be seen,
And by her eagle eye, and by her dove-like mien.

24.

Her likeness such to that robust power,
That sure his sister she might have been deem'd,
Child of one womb at one auspicious hour.
Akin they were, yet not as thus it seem'd,
For he of VALOUR was the eldest son,
From Areté in happy union sprung.

25.

But her to Phronis Eusebcia bore,
She whom her mother Dicé sent to earth;
What marvel then if thus their features wore
Resemblant lineaments of kindred birth,
Dicé being child of Him who rules above,
VALOUR his earth-born son; so both derived from Jove.

26.

While I stood gazing, suddenly the air
Was fill'd with solemn music breathing round;
And yet no mortal instruments were there,
Nor seem'd that melody an earthly sound,
So wonderously it came, so passing sweet,
For some strange pageant sure a prelude meet.

27.

In every breast methought there seem'd to be
A hush of reverence mingled with dismay;
For now appear'd a heavenly company
Toward the royal seat who held their way;
A female Form majestic led them on, . . [Throne.
With awful port she came, and stood before the

28.

Gentle her mien and void of all offence ;
But if aught wrong'd her she could strikê such fear,
As when Minerva in her Sire's defence
Shook in Phlegræan fields her dreadful spear.
Yet her benignant aspect told that ne'er
Would she refuse to heed a suppliant's prayer.

29.

The Trident of the Seas in her right hand,
The sceptre which that Bride was born to wield,
She bore, in symbol of her just command,
And in her left display'd the Red-Cross shield.
A plume of milk-white feathers overspread
The laurell'd helm which graced her lofty head.

30.

Daughter of Brunswick's fated line, she said,
While joyful realms their gratulations pay,
And ask for blessings on thy bridal bed,
We too descend upon this happy day ; . .
Receive with willing ear what we impart,
And treasure up our counsels in thy heart !

31.

Long may it be ere thou art call'd to bear
The weight of empire in a day of woe !
Be it thy favour'd lot meantime to share
The joys which from domestic virtue flow,
And may the lessons which are now imprest,
In years of leisure, sink into thy breast.

32.

Look to thy Sire, and in his steady way,
As in his Father's he, learn thou to tread;
That thus, when comes the inevitable day,
No other change be felt than of the head
Which wears the crown; thy name will then be blest
Like theirs, when thou too shalt be call'd to rest.

33.

Love peace and cherish peace; but use it so
That War may find thee ready at all hours;
And ever when thou strikest, let the blow
Be swift and sure: then put forth all the powers
Which God hath given thee to redress thy wrong,
And, powerful as thou art, the strife will not be long.

34.

Let not the sacred Trident from thy hand
Depart, nor lay the falchion from thy side!
Queen of the Seas, and mighty on the land,
Thy power shall then be dreaded far and wide:
And trusting still in God and in the Right,
Thou mayest again defy the World's collected might.

35.

Thus as she ceased a comely Sage came on,
His temples and capacious forehead spread
With locks of venerable eld, which shone
As when in wintry morns on Skiddaw's head
The cloud, the sunshine, and the snow unite,
So silvery, so unsullied, and so white.

36.

Of Kronos and the Nymph Mnemosyné
He sprung, on either side a birth divine ;
Thus to the Olympian Gods allied was he,
And brother to the sacred Sisters nine,
With whom he dwelt in interchange of lore,
Each thus instructing each for evermore.

37.

They call'd him Praxis in the Olympian tongue,
But here on earth EXPERIENCE was his name.
Whatever things have pass'd to him were known,
And he could see the future ere it came ;
Such foresight was his patient wisdom's meed, . .
Alas for those who his wise counsels will not heed !

38.

He bore a goodly volume, which he laid
Between that princely couple on the throne.
Lo there my work for this great realm, he said,
My work, which with the kingdom's growth has
grown,
The rights, the usages, the laws wherein
Blessed above all nations she hath been.

39.

Such as the sacred trust to thee is given,
So unimpair'd transmit it to thy line :
Preserve it as the choicest gift of Heaven,
Alway to make the bliss of thee and thine :
The talisman of England's strength is there, . .
With reverence guard it, and with jealous care !

40.

The next who stood before that royal pair
Came gliding like a vision o'er the ground ;
A glory went before him through the air,
Ambrosial odours floated all around,
His purple wings a heavenly lustre shed,
A silvery halo hover'd round his head.

41.

The Angel of the English Church was this,
With whose divinest presence there appear'd
A glorious train, inheritors of bliss,
Saints in the memory of the good revered,
Who having render'd back their vital breath
To Him from whom it came, were perfected by Death.

42.

Edward the spotless Tudor, there I knew,
In whose pure breast, with pious nurture fed,
All generous hopes and gentle virtues grew ;
A heavenly diadem adorn'd his head, . .
Most blessed Prince, whose saintly name might move
The understanding heart to tears of reverent love.

43.

Less radiant than King Edward, Cranmer came,
But purged from persecution's sable spot ;
For he had given his body to the flame,
And now in that right hand, which flinching not
He proffer'd to the fire's atoning doom,
Bore he the unfading palm of martyrdom.

44.

There too came Latimer, in worth allied,
Who to the stake when brought by Romish rage,
As if with prison weeds he cast aside
The infirmity of flesh and weight of age,
Bow-bent till then with weakness, in his shroud
Stood up erect and firm before the admiring crowd.

45.

With these, partakers in beatitude,
Bearing like them the palm, their emblem meet,
The Noble Army came, who had subdued
All frailty, putting death beneath their feet :
Their robes were like the mountain snow, and bright
As though they had been dipt in the fountain-springs
of light.

46.

For these were they who valiantly endured
The fierce extremity of mortal pain,
By no weak tenderness to life allured,
The victims of that hateful Henry's reign,
And of the bloody Queen, beneath whose sway
Rome lit her fires, and Fiends kept holyday.

47.

O pardon me, thrice holy Spirits dear,
That hastily I now must pass ye by !
No want of duteous reverence is there here ;
None better knows nor deeplier feels than I
What to your sufferings and your faith we owe,
Ye valiant champions for the truth below !

48.

Hereafter haply with maturer care,
 (So Heaven permit) that reverence shall be shown.
Now of my vision I must needs declare,
 And how the Angel stood before the throne,
And fixing on that Princess as he spake
His eye benign, the awful silence brake.

49.

Thus said the Angel, Thou to whom one day
 There shall in earthly guardianship be given
The English Church, preserve it from decay !
 Ere now for that most sacred charge hath Heaven
In perilous times provided female means,
Blessing it beneath the rule of pious Queens.

50.

Bear thou that great Eliza in thy mind,
 Who from a wreck this fabric edified ;
And HER who to a nation's voice resign'd,
 When Rome in hope its wildest engines plied,
By her own heart and righteous Heaven approved,
Stood up against the Father whom she loved.

51.

Laying all mean regards aside, fill Thou
 Her seats with wisdom and with learned worth ;
That so whene'er attack'd, with fearless brow
 Her champions may defend her rights on earth ;
Link'd is her welfare closely with thine own,
One fate attends the Altar and the Throne !

52.

Think not that lapse of ages shall abate
The inveterate malice of that Harlot old ;
Fallen though thou deem'st her from her high estate,
She proffers still the envenom'd cup of gold,
And her fierce Beast, whose names are Blasphemy,
The same that was, is still, and still must be.

53.

The stern Sectarian in unnatural league
Joins her to war against their hated foe ;
Error and Faction aid the bold intrigue,
And the dark Atheist seeks her overthrow, .
While giant Zeal in arms against her stands,
Barks with an hundred mouths, and lifts an hundred
hands.

54.

Built on a rock, the fabric may repel
Their utmost rage, if all within be sound :
But if within the gates Indifference dwell,
Woe to her then ! there needs no outward wound !
Through her whole frame benumb'd, a lethal sleep,
Like the cold poison of the asp will creep.

55.

In thee, as in a cresset set on high,
The light of piety should shine far seen,
A guiding beacon fix'd for every eye :
Thus from the influence of an honour'd Queen,
As from its spring, should public good proceed, . .
The peace of Heaven will be thy proper meed.

56.

So should return that happy state of 'yore
When piety and joy went hand in hand ;
The love which to his flock the shepherd bore,
The old observances which cheer'd the land,
The household prayers which, honouring God's high
name,
Kept the lamp trimm'd and fed the sacred flame.

57.

Thus having spoke, away the Angel pass'd
With all his train, dissolving from the sight :
A transitory shadow overcast
The sudden void they left ; all meaner light
Seeming like darkness to the eye which lost
The full effulgence of that heavenly host.

58.

Eftsoon, in re-appearing light confess'd,
There stood another Minister of bliss,
With his own radiance clothed as with a vest.
One of the angelic company was this,
Who, guardians of the rising human race,
Alway in Heaven behold the Father's face.

59.

Somewhile he fix'd upon the royal Bride
A contemplative eye of thoughtful grief ;
The trouble of that look benign implied
A sense of wrongs for which he sought relief,
And that Earth's evils which go unredrest
May waken sorrow in an Angel's breast.

60.

I plead for babes and sucklings, he began,
Those who are now, and who are yet to be ;
I plead for all the surest hopes of man,
The vital welfare of humanity :
Oh ! let not bestial Ignorance maintain
Longer within the land her brutalizing reign.

61.

O Lady, if some new-born babe should bless,
In answer to a nation's prayers, thy love,
When thou, beholding it in tenderness,
The deepest, holiest joy of earth shalt prove,
In that the likeness of all infants see,
And call to mind that hour what now thou hear'st
from me.

62.

Then seeing infant man, that Lord of Earth,
Most weak and helpless of all breathing things,
Remember that as Nature makes at birth
No different law for Peasants or for Kings,
And at the end no difference may befall,
The "short parenthesis of life" is all.

63.

But in that space, how wide may be their doom
Of honour or dishonour, good or ill !
From Nature's hand like plastic clay they come,
To take from circumstance their woe or weal ;
And as the form and pressure may be given,
They wither upon earth, or ripen there for Heaven.

64.

Is it then fitting that one soul should pine
For lack of culture in this favour'd land? . .
That spirits of capacity divine
Perish, like seeds upon the desert sand? . .
That needful knowledge in this age of light
Should not by birth be every Briton's right?

65.

Little can private zeal effect alone;
The State must this state-malady redress;
For as of all the ways of life, but one . . .
The path of duty, leads to happiness,
So in their duty States must find at length
Their welfare, and their safety, and their strength.

66.

This the first duty, carefully to train
The children in the way that they should go;
Then of the family of guilt and pain
How large a part were banish'd from below!
How would the people love with surest cause
Their country, and revere her venerable laws!

67.

Is there, alas! within the human soul
An in-bred taint disposing it for ill?
More need that early culture should controul
And discipline by love the pliant will!
The heart of man is rich in all good seeds;
Neglected, it is choak'd with tares and noxious weeds.

68.

He ceased, and sudden from some unseen throng
A choral peal arose and shook the hall;
As when ten thousand children with their song
Fill the resounding temple of Saint Paul;..
Scarce can the heart their powerful tones sustain;..
“Save, or we perish!” was the thrilling strain.

69.

“Save, or we perish!” thrice the strain was sung
By unseen Souls innumerable hovering round,
And whilst the hall with their deep chorus rung,
The inmost heart was shaken with the sound:
I felt the reflux blood forsake my face,
And my knees trembled in that awful place.

70.

Anon two female forms before our view
Came side by side, a beauteous couplement:
The first a virgin clad in skiey blue;
Upward to Heaven her steadfast eyes were bent;
Her countenance an anxious meaning bore,
Yet such as might have made her loved the more.

71.

This was that maiden, “sober, chaste, and wise,”
Who bringeth to all hearts their best delight:
“Though spoused, yet wanting wedlock’s solemnize;”
“Daughter of Coelia, and Speranza light,”
I knew her well as one whose portraiture
In my dear Master’s verse for ever will endure.

72.

Her sister too the same divinest page,
Taught me to know for that Charissa fair,
“Of goodly grace and comely personage,
Of wonderful beauty and of bounty rare,
Full of great love,” in whose most gentle mien
The charms of perfect womanhood were seen.

73.

This lovely pair unroll'd before the throne
“Earth's melancholy map,” whereon to sight
Two broad divisions at a glance were shown, . .
The empires these of Darkness and of Light.
Well might the thoughtful bosom sigh to mark
How wide a portion of the map was dark.

74.

Behold, Charissa cried, how large a space
Of Earth lies unredeem'd ! Oh grief to think
That countless myriads of immortal race,
In error born, in ignorance must sink,
Train'd up in customs which corrupt the heart,
And following miserably the evil part !

75.

Regard the expanded Orient, from the shores
Of scorch'd Arabia and the Persian sea,
To where the inhospitable Ocean roars
Against the rocks of frozen Tartary ;
Look next at those Australian isles which lie
Thick as the stars that stud the wintry sky ;

76.

Then let thy mind contemplative survey
That spacious region where in elder time
Earth's unremember'd conquerors held the sway ;
And Science, trusting in her skill sublime,
With lore abstruse the sculptured walls o'erspread,
Its import now forgotten with the dead.

77.

From Nile and Congo's undiscover'd springs
To the four seas which gird the unhappy land,
Behold it left a prey to barbarous Kings,
The Robber, or the Trader's ruthless hand ;
Sinning and suffering, every where unblest,
Behold her wretched sons, oppressing and opprest !

78.

To England is the Eastern empire given,
And hers the sceptre of the circling main ;
Shall she not then diffuse the word of Heaven
Through all the regions of her trusted reign, . .
Wage against evil things the hallow'd strife,
And sow with liberal hand the seeds of life !

79.

By strenuous efforts in a rightful cause
Gloriously hath she surpass'd her ancient fame,
And won in arms the astonish'd World's applause.
Yet may she win in peace a nobler name,
And Nations which now lie in error blind,
Hail her the Friend and Teacher of Mankind !

80.

Oh ! what a part were that, Speranza then
Exclaim'd, to act upon Earth's ample stage !
Oh ! what a name among the sons of men
To leave, which should endure from age to age !
And what a strength that ministry of good
Should find in love and human gratitude !

81.

Speed thou the work, Redeemer of the World !
That the long miseries of mankind may cease !
Where'er the Red Cross banner is unfurl'd
There let it carry truth, and light, and peace !
Did not the Angels who announced thy birth
Proclaim it with the sound of Peace on Earth ?

82.

Bless thou this happy Island, that the stream
Of blessing far and wide from hence may flow !
Bless it that thus thy saving Mercy's beam
Reflected hence may shine on all below !
THY KINGDOM COME ! THY WILL BE DONE, O LORD !
AND BETHY HOLY NAME THROUGH ALL THE WORLD
ADORED !

83.

Thus as Speranza cried she clasp'd her hands,
And heavenward lifted them in ardent prayer.
Lo ! at the act the vaulted roof expands, . .
Heaven opens, . . and in empyreal air
Pouring its splendours through the inferior sky,
More bright than noon-day suns the Cross appears
on high.

84.

A strain of heavenly harmony ensued,
Such as but once to mortal ears was known, . .
The voice of that Angelic Multitude
Who in their Orders stand around the Throne;
PEACE UPON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN! they sung,
And Heaven and Earth with that prophetic anthem
rung.

85.

In holy fear I fell upon the ground,
And hid my face, unable to endure
The glory, or sustain the piercing sound :
In fear and yet in trembling joy, for sure
My soul that hour yearn'd strongly to be free,
That it might spread its wings in immortality.

86.

Gone was the glory when I raised my head,
But in the air appear'd a form half-seen,
Below with shadows dimly garmented,
And indistinct and dreadful was his mien :
Yet when I gazed intentlier, I could trace
Divinest beauty in that awful face.

87.

Hear me, O Princess ! said the shadowy form,
As in administering this mighty land
Thou with thy best endeavour shalt perform
The will of Heaven, so shall my faithful hand
Thy great and endless recompence supply ; . .
My name is DEATH : THE LAST BEST FRIEND AM I !

THE LAY OF THE LAUREATE.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

1.

Is this the Nuptial Song? with brow severe
 Perchance the votaries of the world will say :
 Are these fit strains for Royal ears to hear?
 What man is he who thus assort's his lay,
 And dares pronounce with inauspicious breath,
 In Hymeneal verse, the name of Death?

2.

Remote from cheerful intercourse of men,
 Hath he indulged his melancholy mood,
 And like the hermit in some sullen den,
 Fed his distemper'd mind in solitude?
 Or have fanatic dreams distraught his sense,
 That thus he should presume with bold irreverence?

3.

O Royal Lady, ill they judge the heart
 That reverently approaches thee to-day,
 And anxious to perform its fitting part,
 Prefers the tribute of this duteous lay!
 Not with displeasure should his song be read
 Who prays for Heaven's best blessings on thy head.

4.

He prays that many a year may pass away
Ere the State call thee from a life of love;
Vex'd by no public cares, that day by day
Thy heart the dear domestic joys may prove,
And gracious Heaven thy chosen nuptials bless
With all a Wife's and all a Mother's happiness.

5.

He prays, that for thine own and England's sake,
The Virtues and the Household Charities
Their favour'd seat beside thy hearth may take;
That when the Nation thither turn their eyes,
There the conspicuous model they may find
Of all which makes the bliss of human-kind.

6.

He prays, that when the sceptre to thy hand
In due succession shall descend at length,
Prosperity and Peace may bless the Land,
Truth be thy counsellor, and Heaven thy strength;
That every tongue thy praises may proclaim,
And every heart in secret bless thy name.

7.

He prays, that thou mayest strenuously maintain
The wise laws handed down from sire to son;
He prays, that under thy auspicious reign
All may be added which is left undone,
To make the realm, its polity compleat,
In all things happy, as in all things great:

8.

That through the will of thy enlighten'd mind,
Brute man may be to social life reclaim'd ;
That in compassion for forlorn mankind,
The saving Faith may widely be proclaim'd
Through erring lands, beneath thy fostering care ; . .
This is his ardent hope, his loyal prayer.

9.

In every cottage may thy power be blest,
For blessings which should everywhere abound ;
Thy will beneficent from East to West
May bring forth good where'er the sun goes round ;
And thus through future times should CHARLOTTE'S
fame
Surpass our great ELIZA'S golden name.

10.

Of awful subjects have I dared to sing,
Yet surely are they such, as view'd aright,
Contentment to thy better mind may bring ;
A strain which haply may thy heart invite
To ponder well, how to thy choice is given
A glorious name on Earth, a high reward in Heaven.

11.

Light strains, though chearful as the hues of spring,
Would wither like a wreath of vernal flowers ;
The amaranthine garland which I bring
Shall keep its verdure through all after hours ; . .
Yea, while the Poet's name is doom'd to live,
So long this garland shall its fragrance give.

12.

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;”

Thus said the Bard who spake of kingly cares:
But calmly may the Sovereign then lie down

When grateful Nations guard him with their
prayers:

How sweet a sleep awaits the Royal head,
When these keep watch and ward around the bed!

L'ENVOY.

Go, little Book, from this my solitude,

I cast thee on the waters: . . go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,

The World will find thee after many days.
Be it with thee according to thy worth: . .
Go, little Book! in faith I send thee forth.

NOTES.

NOTES.

The "short parenthesis of life" is all.—P. 162.

I have borrowed this striking expression from Storer.

All as my chrysol, so my winding sheet;
None joy'd my birth, none mourn'd my death to see;
The short parenthesis of life was sweet,
But short; . . what was before, unknown to me,
And what must follow is the Lord's decree.

STORER'S Life and Death of Wolsey.

Let me insert here a beautiful passage from this forgotten poet, whose work has been retrieved from oblivion in the Heliconia. Wolsey is speaking.

More fit the dirige of a mournful quire
In dull sad notes all sorrows to exceed,
For him in whom the Prince's love is dead.

I am the tomb where that affection lies,
That was the closet where it living kept;
Yet wise men say affection never dies; . .
No, but it turns, and when it long hath slept
Looks heavy, like the eye that long hath wept.
O could it die, . . that were a restful state!
But living, it converts to deadly hate.

Daughter of Cœlia, and Speranza hight. — P. 164.

IV.

Dame Cœlia men did her call as thought
 From Heaven to come, or thither to arise,
 The mother of three daughters well up-brought
 In goodly thews or godly exercise :
 The eldest two, most sober chaste and wise,
 Fidelia and Speranza virgins were,
 Though spoused yet wanting wedlock's solemnize;
 But fair Charissa to a lovely fere
 Was linked, and by him had many pledges dear.
Fuery Queen, Book 1. c. 10.

*I knew her well as one, whose portraiture
 In my dear Master's verse for ever will endure. — P. 164.*

XII.

Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,
 Lo ! two most goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arm in arm in lovely wise,
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numbred equal steps and even pace ;
 Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
 Like sunny beams threw from her chrystal face,
 That could have dazed the rash beholder's sight,
 And round about her head did shine like Heaven's light.

XIII.

She was arrayed all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
 With wine and water filled up to the height,
 In which a serpent did himself enfold,
 That horror made to all that did behold ;
 But she no whit did change her constant mood ;
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A book, that was both signed and sealed with blood,
 Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

XIV.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
 Was clad in blue that her bescemed well :
 Not all so chearful seemed she of sight
 As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell,
 Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell.
 Upon her arm a silver anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell :
 And ever up to Heaven as she did pray,
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.
Faery Queen, Book 1. c. 10.

*Her sister too the same divinest page,
 Taught me to know.* — P. 165.

XXX.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
 With goodly grace and comely personage.
 That was on earth not easy to compare,
 Full of great love.
Faery Queen, Book 1. c. 10.

“ Earth’s melancholy map.” — P. 165.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
 Is tenanted by man ! the rest a waste ;
 Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands,
 Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings and death !
 Such is Earth’s melancholy map ! but far
 More sad ! this earth is a true map of man.
 YOUNG, *Night* 1. l. 285.

It is the moral rather than the physical map which ought to excite this mournful feeling, . . but such contemplations should excite our hope and our zeal also, for how large a part of all existing evil, physical as well as moral, is remediable by human means !

FUNERAL SONG,

FOR THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

FUNERAL SONG,

FOR THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

IN its summer pride array'd,
Low our Tree of Hope is laid !
Low it lies : . . in evil hour,
Visiting the bridal bower,
Death hath levell'd root and flower.
Windsor, in thy sacred shade,
(This the end of pomp and power !)
Have the rites of death been paid :
Windsor, in thy sacred shade
Is the Flower of Brunswick laid !

Ye whose relics rest around,
Tenants of this funeral ground !
Know ye, Spirits, who is come,
By immitigable doom
Summon'd to the untimely tomb ?
Late with youth and splendour crown'd,
Late in beauty's vernal bloom,
Late with love and joyaunce blest ;
Never more lamented guest
Was in Windsor laid to rest.

Henry, thou of saintly worth,
Thou, to whom thy Windsor gave
Nativity and name, and grave ;
Thou art in this hallowed earth
Cradled for the immortal birth !
Heavily upon his head
Ancestral crimes were visited :
He, in spirit like a child,
Meek of heart and undefiled,
Patiently his crown resign'd,
And fix'd on heaven his heavenly mind,
Blessing, while he kiss'd the rod,
His Redeemer and his God.
Now may he in realms of bliss
Greet a soul as pure as his.

Passive as that humble spirit,
Lies his bold dethroner too ;
A dreadful debt did he inherit
To his injured lineage due ;
Ill-starr'd prince, whose martial merit
His own England long might rue !
Mournful was that Edward's fame,
Won in fields contested well,
While he sought his rightful claim :
Witness Aire's unhappy water,
Where the ruthless Clifford fell ;
And when Wharfe ran red with slaughter,
On the day of Towton's field,
Gathering, in its guilty flood,

The carnage and the ill-spilt blood
That forty thousand lives could yield.
Cressy was to this but sport,—
Poitiers but a pageant vain ;
And the victory of Spain
Seem'd a strife for pastime meant,
And the work of Agincourt
Only like a tournament ;
Half the blood which there was spent,
Had sufficed again to gain
Anjou and ill-yielded Maine,
Normandy and Aquitaine,
And Our Lady's Ancient towers,
Maugre all the Valois' powers,
Had a second time been ours.—
A gentle daughter of thy line,
Edward, lays her dust with thine.

Thou, Elizabeth, art here ;
Thou to whom all griefs were known ;
Who wert placed upon the bier
In happier hour than on the throne.
Fatal daughter, fatal mother,
Raised to that ill-omen'd station,
Father, uncle, sons, and brother,
Mourn'd in blood her elevation !
Woodville, in the realms of bliss,
To thine offspring thou may'st say,
Early death is happiness ;
And favour'd in their lot are they
Who are not left to learn below
That length of life is length of woe.

Lightly let this ground be prest ;
A broken heart is here at rest.

But thou, Seymour, with a greeting,
Such as sisters use at meeting,
Joy, and sympathy, and love,
Wilt hail her in the seats above.
Like in loveliness were ye,
By a like lamented doom,
Hurried to an early tomb.
While together, spirits blest,
Here your earthly relics rest,
Fellow angels shall ye be
In the angelic company.

Henry, too, hath here his part ;
At the gentle Seymour's side,
With his best beloved bride,
Cold and quiet, here are laid
The ashes of that fiery heart.
Not with his tyrannic spirit,
Shall our Charlotte's soul inherit ;
No, by Fisher's hoary head,—
By More, the learned and the good,—
By Katharine's wrongs and Boleyn's blood,—
By the life so basely shed
Of the pride of Norfolk's line,
By the axe so often red,
By the fire with martyrs fed,
Hateful Henry, not with thee
May her happy spirit be !

And here lies one whose tragic name
A reverential thought may claim ;
That murder'd Monarch, whom the grave,
Revealing its long secret, gave
Again to sight, that we might spy
His comely face and waking eye !
There, thrice fifty years, it lay,
Exempt from natural decay,
Unclosed and bright, as if to say,
A plague, of bloodier, baser birth,
Than that beneath whose rage he bled,
Was loose upon our guilty earth ;—
Such awful warning from the dead,
Was given by that portentous eye ;
Then it closed eternally.

Ye whose relics rest around,
Tenants of this funeral ground ;
Even in your immortal spheres,
What fresh yearnings will ye feel,
When this earthly guest appears !
Us she leaves in grief and tears ;
But to you will she reveal
Tidings of old England's weal ;
Of a righteous war pursued,
Long, through evil and through good,
With unshaken fortitude ;
Of peace, in battle twice achieved ;
Of her fiercest foe subdued,
And Europe from the yoke reliev'd,
Upon that Brabantine plain !

Such the proud, the virtuous story,
Such the great, the endless glory
Of her father's splendid reign !
He who wore the sable mail,
Might at this heroic tale,
Wish himself on earth again.

One who reverently, for thee,
Raised the strain of bridal verse,
Flower of Brunswick ! mournfully
Lays a garland on thy herse.

A VISION OF JUDGEMENT.

TO
THE KING.

SIR,

ONLY to Your Majesty can the present publication with propriety be addressed. As a tribute to the sacred memory of our late revered Sovereign, it is my duty to present it to Your Majesty's notice; and to whom could an experiment, which, perhaps, may be considered hereafter as of some importance in English Poetry, be so fitly inscribed, as to the Royal and munificent Patron of science, art, and literature?

We owe much to the House of Brunswick; but to none of that illustrious House more than to Your Majesty, under whose government the mili-

tary renown of Great Britain has been carried to the highest point of glory. From that pure glory there has been nothing to detract; the success was not more splendid than the cause was good; and the event was deserved by the generosity, the justice, the wisdom, and the magnanimity of the counsels which prepared it. The same perfect integrity has been manifested in the whole administration of public affairs. More has been done than was ever before attempted, for mitigating the evils incident to our stage of society; for imbuing the rising race with those sound principles of religion on which the welfare of states has its only secure foundation; and for opening new regions to the redundant enterprize and industry of the people. Under Your Majesty's government, the Metropolis is rivalling in beauty those cities which it has long surpassed in greatness: sciences, arts, and letters are flourishing beyond all former example; and the last triumph of nautical discovery and of the British flag, which had so often been essayed in vain, has been accomplished. The brightest portion of British history will be that which records the improvements, the works, and the achievements of the Georgian Age.

That Your Majesty may long continue to reign over a free and prosperous people, and that the blessings of the happiest form of government which has ever been raised by human wisdom under the favour of Divine Providence, may, under Your Majesty's protection, be transmitted unimpaired to posterity, is the prayer of

Your MAJESTY'S

Most dutiful Subject and Servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P R E F A C E.

I.

HAVING long been of opinion that an English metre might be constructed in imitation of the ancient hexameter, which would be perfectly consistent with the character of our language, and capable of great richness, variety, and strength, I have now made the experiment. It will have some disadvantages to contend with, both among learned and unlearned readers; among the former especially, because, though they may divest themselves of all prejudice against an innovation, which has generally been thought impracticable, and might even be disposed to regard the attempt favourably, nevertheless they will, from inveterate association, be continually reminded of rules which are inapplicable to our tongue; and looking for quantity where emphasis only ought to be expected, will perhaps less easily be reconciled to the measure, than those persons who consider it simply as it is. To the one class it is necessary that I should

explain the nature of the verse ; to the other, the principle of adaption which has been followed.

First, then, to the former, who, in glancing over these long lines, will perceive that they have none of the customary characteristics of English versification, being neither marked by rhyme, nor by any certain number of syllables, nor by any regular recurrence of emphasis throughout the verse. Upon closer observation, they will find that (with a very few exceptions) there is a regular recurrence of emphasis in the last five syllables of every line, the first and the fourth of those syllables being accented, the others not. These five syllables form two of the feet by which the verse is measured, and which are called dactyls and trochees, the dactyl consisting of one long syllable and two short ones, as exemplified in the name of Wellington; the trochee, of one long and one short, as exemplified in the name of Nelson. Of such feet, there are six in every verse. The four first are disposed according to the judgement and convenience of the writer ; that is, they may be all dactyls or all trochees, or any mixture of both in any arrangement: but the fifth is always a dactyl, and the sixth always a trochee, except in some rare instances, when, for the sake of variety, or of some particular effect, a trochee is admitted in the fifth place. One more remark will suffice for this preliminary explan-

ation. These feet are not constituted each by a separate word, but are made up of one or more, or of parts of words, the end of one and the beginning of another, as may happen. A verse of the Psalms, originally pointed out by Harris of Salisbury, as a natural and perfect hexameter, will exemplify what has been said :

Why do the | heathen | rage, and the | people i-|-magine a | vain thing ?

This, I think, will make the general construction of the metre perfectly intelligible to persons who may be unacquainted with the rules of Latin versification ; those especially who are still to be called gentle readers, in this ungente age. But it is not necessary to understand the principle upon which the verse is constructed, in order to feel the harmony and power of a metrical composition ; . . . if it were, how few would be capable of enjoying poetry ! In the present case, any one who reads a page of these hexameters aloud, with just that natural regard to emphasis which the sense of the passage indicates, and the usual pronunciation of the words requires, will perceive the rhythm, and find no more difficulty in giving it its proper effect, than in reading blank verse. This has often been tried, and with invariable success. If, indeed, it were not so, the fault would be in the composition, not in the measure.

The learned reader will have perceived by what has already been said, that in forming this English measure in imitation, rather than upon the model of the ancient hexameter, the trochee has been substituted for the spondee, as by the Germans. This substitution is rendered necessary by the nature of our pronunciation, which is so rapid, that I believe the whole vocabulary of the language does not afford a single instance of a genuine native* spondee. The spondee, of course, is not excluded from the verse; and where it occurs, the effect, in general, is good. This alteration was necessary; but it is not the only one which, upon mature consideration and fair trial, it has been deemed expedient to make. If every line were to begin with a long syllable, the measure would presently appear exotic and forced, as being directly opposite to the general character of all our dignified metres, and indeed to the genius of the English language. Therefore the license has been taken of using any foot of two or three syllables at the beginning of a line; and

* And only one of foreign derivation, which is the word *Egypt*. Some readers, who have never practised metrical composition in their own language, may perhaps doubt this, and suppose that such words as *twilight* and *evening*, are spondaic; but they only appear so when they are pronounced singly, the last syllable then hanging upon the tongue, and dwelling on the ear, like the last stroke of the clock. Used in combination, they become pure trochees.

sometimes, though less frequently, in the second, third, or fourth place. The metre, thus constructed, bears the same analogy to the ancient hexameter that our ten-syllable or heroic line does to iambic verse ; iambic it is called, and it is so in its general movement ; but it admits of many other feet, and would, in fact, soon become insupportably monotonous without their frequent intermixture.

II.

Twenty years ago, when the rhythmical romance of *Thalaba* was sent from Portugal to the press, I requested, in the preface to that poem, that the author might not be supposed to prefer the rhythm in which it was written, abstractedly considered, to the regular blank verse, the noblest measure, in his judgement, of which our admirable language is capable : it was added, that the measure which was there used, had, in that instance, been preferred, because it suited the character of the poem, being, as it were, the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale. Notwithstanding this explicit declaration, the duncery of that day attacked me as if I had considered *the measure of Thalaba to be in itself essentially and absolutely better than blank verse*. The duncery of this day may probably pursue the same course on the present occasion. With that body I wage no war, and enter into no explanations. But

to the great majority of my readers, who will take up the book without malevolence, and having a proper sense of honour in themselves, will believe the declarations of a writer whose veracity they have no reason to doubt, I will state what are the defects, and what the advantages, of the metre which is here submitted to their judgement, as they appear to me after this fair experiment of its powers.

It is not a legitimate inference, that because the hexameter has been successfully introduced in the German language, it can be naturalized as well in English. The English is not so well adapted for it, because it does not abound in like manner with polysyllabic words. The feet, therefore, must too frequently be made up of monosyllables, and of distinct words, whereby the verse is resolved and decomposed into its component feet, and the feet into their component syllables, instead of being articulated and inosculated throughout, as in the German, still more in the Greek, and most in the Latin measure. This is certainly a great defect.*

* It leads also to this inconvenience, that the English line greatly exceeds the ancient one in literal length, so that it is actually too long for any page, if printed in types of the ordinary proportion to the size of the book, whatever that may be. The same inconvenience was formerly felt in that fine measure of the Elizabethan age, the seven-footed couplet; which, to the diminution of its powers, was, for that reason, divided into quatrains, (the pause generally falling upon the eighth syl-
la-

From the same cause the *cassura* generally coincides with a pause in the sentence; but, though this breaks the continuity of the verse, it ought perhaps rather to be considered as an advantage; for the measure, like blank verse, thus acquires a greater variety. It may possibly be objected, that the four first feet are not metrical enough in their effect, and the two last too much so. I do not feel the objection; but it has been advanced by one, whose opinion upon any question, and especially upon a question of poetry, would make me distrust my own, where it happened to be different. Lastly, the double-ending may be censured as double rhymes used to be; but that objection belongs to the duncery.

On the other hand, the range of the verse being from thirteen syllables to seventeen, it derives from that range an advantage in the union of variety with regularity, which is peculiar to itself. The capability which is thus gained, may perhaps be better appreciated by a few readers from their own

ble,) and then converted into the common ballad stanza. The hexameter cannot be thus divided, and therefore must generally look neither like prose nor poetry. This is noticed as merely a dissight, and of no moment, our poetry not being like that of the Chinese, addressed to the eye instead of the ear.

sense of power, than it is exemplified in this experiment.

I do not, however, present the English hexameter as something better than our established metres, but as something different, and which therefore, for that reason, may sometimes advantageously be used. Take our blank verse, for all in all, in all its gradations, from the elaborate rhythm of Milton, down to its loosest structure in the early dramatists, and I believe that there is no measure comparable to it, either in our own or in any other language, for might and majesty, and flexibility and compass. And this is affirmed, not as the predilection of a young writer, or the preference of one inexperienced in the difficulties of composition, but as an opinion formed and confirmed during the long and diligent study, and the long and laborious practice of the art. But I am satisfied also that the English hexameter is a legitimate and good measure, with which our literature ought to be enriched.

“ I first adventure ; follow me who list ! ”

III.

I am well aware that the public are peculiarly intolerant of such innovations ; not less so than the populace used to be of any foreign fashion, whether of foppery or convenience. Would that this literary intolerance were under the influence of a saner

judgement, and regarded the morals more than the manner of a composition ; the spirit rather than the form ! Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English poetry has, in our days, first been polluted ! For more than half a century English literature had been distinguished by its moral purity, the effect, and in its turn, the cause of an improvement in national manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it did not bear, either in its title-page or frontispiece, manifest signs that it was intended as furniture for the brothel. There was no danger in any work which bore the name of a respectable publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable bookseller's. This was particularly the case with regard to our poetry. It is now no longer so ; and woe to those by whom the offence cometh ! The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more enduring will be his shame. Whether it be that the laws are in themselves unable to abate an evil of this magnitude, or whether it be that they are remissly administered, and with such injustice that the celebrity of an offender serves as a privilege whereby he obtains impunity, individuals are bound to consider that such pernicious works would neither

be published nor written, if they were discouraged as they might, and ought to be, by public feeling; every person, therefore, who purchases such books, or admits them into his house, promotes the mischief, and thereby, as far as in him lies, becomes an aider and abettor of the crime.

The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences that can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must!) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pandar of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings, who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of colouring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favourite vices, and deceive themselves. What then should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton

youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood and with deliberate purpose? . . . Men of diseased* hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labour to make others as

* *Summi poetæ in omni poetarum sæculo viri fuerunt probi : in nostris il vidimus et videmus ; neque alius est error a veritate longiùs quàm magna ingenia magnis necessario corrumpi vitiis. Secundo plerique posthabent primum, hi malignitate, illi ignorantia ; et quum aliquem inveniunt styli morumque vitiis notatum, nec inficetum tamen nec in libris edendis parcum, eum stipant, prædicant, occupant, amplectuntur. Si mores aliquantulum vellet corrigere, si stylum curare paululum, si fervido ingenio temperare, si moræ tantillum interponere, tum ingens nescio quid et verè epicum, quadraginta annos natus, procuderet. Ignorant verò febriculis non indicari vires, impatientiam ab imbecillitate non differre ; ignorant a levi homine et inconstante multa fortasse scribi posse plusquam mediocria, nihil compositum, arduum, æternum.*—Savagius Landor, *De Cultu atque Usu Latini Sermonis*, p. 197.

This essay, which is full of fine critical remarks and striking thoughts felicitously expressed, reached me from Pisa, while the proof of the present sheet was before me. Of its author, (the author of *Gebir* and *Count Julian*) I will only say in this place, that, to have obtained his approbation as a poet. and possessed his friendship as a man, will be remembered among the honours of my life, when the petty enmities of this generation will be forgotten, and its ephemeral reputations shall have passed away.

miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul! The school which they have set up may properly be called the Satanic school; for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterised by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.

This evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly has it been affirmed by one of our ablest and clearest* reasoners, that "the destruction of governments may be proved and deduced from the general corruption of the subjects' manners, as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a demonstration as certain as any in the mathematics." There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli, than that where the manners of a people are generally corrupted, there the government cannot long subsist, . . a truth which all history exemplifies; and there is no means whereby that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused, as by poisoning the waters of literature.

Let rulers of the state look to this, in time! But,

* South.

to use the words of South, if “our physicians think the best way of *curing* a disease is to *pamper* it,.. the Lord in mercy prepare the kingdom to suffer, what He by miracle only can prevent!”

No apology is offered for these remarks. The subject led to them; and the occasion of introducing them was willingly taken, because it is the duty of every one, whose opinion may have any influence, to expose the drift and aim of those writers who are labouring to subvert the foundations of human virtue and of human happiness.

IV.

Returning to the point from whence I digressed, I am aware not only that any metrical innovation which meets the eye of the reader generally provokes his displeasure, but that there prevails a particular prejudice against the introduction of hexameters in our language. The experiment, it is alleged, was tried in the Elizabethan age, and failed, though made under the greatest possible advantages of favour, being encouraged by the great patron of literature, Sir Philip Sydney (in letters, as well as in all other accomplishments and all virtues, the most illustrious ornament of that illustrious court), and by the Queen herself.

That attempt failed, because it was made upon a scheme which inevitably prevented its success. No

principle of adaption was tried. Sydney and his followers wished to subject the English pronunciation to the rules of Latin prosody: but if it be difficult to reconcile the public to a new tune in verse, it is plainly impossible to reconcile them to a new* pronunciation. There was the farther obstacle of unusual and violent elisions; and moreover, the easy and natural order of our speech was distorted by the frequent use of forced inversions, which are utterly improper in an uninflected language. Even if the subjects for the experiment had been judiciously chosen, and well composed in all other respects, these errors must have been fatal; but Sydney, whose prose is so full of imagery and felicitous expressions that he is one of our greatest poets in prose, and whose other poems contain beauties of a high order, seems to have lost all ear† for rhythm, and all feeling of poetry, when he was engaged in metrical experiments.

* For example :

Neither he bears reverēce to a prince, nor pity to a beggar.
 That to my ādvancement their wisdoms have me abased.
 Well may a pastor plain; but, alas! his plaints be not esteēmed.
 ōpprest with ruinoūs conceits by the help of an outery.
 Dēspair most tragicāl clause to a deadly request.
 Hard like a rich marblē; hard but a fair diamōnd.

† That the reader may not suppose I have depreciated Sydney and his followers, by imputing to the faults of their execution a failure which the nature of the metre itself might explain I have added a few fair samples at the end of the poem.

What in Sydney's hands was uncouth and difficult, was made ridiculous by Stanihurst, whose translation of the four first books of the *Æneid* into hexameters is one of the most portentous compositions in any language. No satire could so effectually have exposed the measure to derision. The specimens which Abraham Fraunce produced were free from Stanihurst's eccentricities, and were much less awkward and constrained than Sydney's. But the mistaken principle upon which the metre was constructed was fatal, and would have proved so even if Fraunce had possessed greater powers of thought and of diction. The failure therefore was complete*, and for some generations it seems to

* A writer in the *Censura Literaria* (vol. iv. 386.) has said, that hexameters were "much in vogue, owing to the pernicious example of Spenser and Gabriel Harvey." They were never in vogue. There is no reason to believe, that Spenser ever wrote an English hexameter. Gabriel Harvey's example only incurred ridicule; and as for Spenser, the only specimen which he is known to have produced is the following *Tetrasticon*:—

See ye the blindefoulded pretie God, that feathered arches,
Of lovers miseries which maketh his bloodie game?
Wote ye why his mother with a veile hath covered his face?
Trust me, leaste he my love happily chance to behold.

With so little knowledge of facts, and so little regard to accuracy, are confident assertions sometimes made!

Gabriel Harvey was one of the great promoters of the attempt; and Spenser, who was his intimate friend, is believed to have sanctioned it by his opinion, . . . certainly not by his

have prevented any thought of repeating the experiment.

Goldsmith, in later days, delivered * an opinion in its favour, observing, that all the feet of the ancient

example. That great master of versification has left only one piece which is not written in rhyme. It was printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsodie*, and is inserted in Warton's *Observations on the Faery Queen*, vol. ii. p. 245. The author has called it an Iambic Elegy, but neither by any rule of quantity, or violence of accentuation, can it be reduced to iambs.

* "It is generally supposed," says Goldsmith, "that the genius of the English language will not admit of Greek or Latin measure; but this, we apprehend, is a mistake owing to the prejudice of education. It is impossible that the same measure, composed of the same times, should have a good effect upon the ear in one language, and a bad effect in another. The truth is, we have been accustomed from our infancy to the numbers of English poetry, and the very sound and signification of the words disposes the ear to receive them in a certain manner; so that its disappointment must be attended with a disagreeable sensation. In imbibing the first rudiments of education, we acquire, as it were, another ear for the numbers of Greek and Latin poetry; and this being reserved entirely for the sounds and significations of the words that constitute those dead languages, will not easily accommodate itself to the sounds of our vernacular tongue, though conveyed in the same time and measure. In a word, Latin and Greek have annexed to them the ideas of the ancient measure from which they are not easily disjoined. But we will venture to say, this difficulty might be surmounted by an effort of attention and a little practice; and in that case we should in time be as well pleased with English, as with Latin hexameters." — *Goldsmith's Essays*, vol. ii. p. 265.

poetry are still found in the versification of living languages, and that it is impossible the same measure, composed of the same times, should have a good effect upon the ear in one language, and a bad effect in another. He had seen, he says, several late specimens of English hexameters and sapphics, so happily composed, that they were, in all respects, as melodious and agreeable to the ear as the works of Virgil and Horace. What these specimens* were I have not discovered: . . the sapphics may possibly have been those by Dr. Watts. Proofs of the practicability of the hexameter were given about twenty years ago, by some translations from the Messiah of Klopstock, which appeared in the Monthly Magazine; and by an eclogue, entitled *The Showman*, printed in the second volume of the Annual Anthology. These were written by my old friend Mr. William Taylor of Norwich, the

* Mr. Park (*Censura Literaria*, vol. iv. 233.) mentions an attempt to revive what he calls "this obsolete whimsey by an anonymous writer in 1737, who translated the first and fourth Eclogues of Virgil, &c. into hexametrical verse, and prefixed a vindication of his attempt, with directions for the reader's pronounciation."

I venture to hope that this excellent English scholar will no longer think the scheme of writing English hexameters a mere whimsey. Glad indeed should I be, if my old acquaintance were to be as well pleased with the present attempt as I have been with some of his *Morning Thoughts* and *Midnight Musings*.

translator of Burger's *Lenora* : .. of whom it would be difficult to say, whether he is more deservedly admired by all who know him for the variety of his talents, the richness and ingenuity of his discourse, and the liveliness of his fancy, or loved and esteemed by them for the goodness of his heart. In repeating the experiment upon a more adequate scale, and upon a subject suited to the movement, I have fulfilled one of the hopes and intentions of my early life.

A VISION OF JUDGEMENT.

I.

THE TRANCE.

'T WAS at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
And from surrounding things the hues wherewith day has adorn'd them
Fade, like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of earth is departed :
Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window, beholding
Mountain and lake and vale ; the valley disrobed of its verdure ;
Derwent retaining yet from eve a glassy reflection
Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror,
Under the woods reposed ; the hills that, calm and majestic,
Lifted their heads in the silent sky, from far Glaramara
Bleacrag, and Maidenmawr, to Grizedal and westernmost Withop.
Dark and distinct they rose. The clouds had gather'd above them
High in the middle air, huge, purple, pillowy masses,
While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight ;
Green as a stream in the glen whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistous bed, and serene as the age of the righteous.
Earth was hush'd and still ; all motion and sound were suspended :
Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor humming of insect,

Only the voice of the Greta, heard only when all is in stillness,
Pensive I stood and alone, the hour and the scene had subdued me,
And as I gazed in the west, where Infinity seem'd to be open,
Yearn'd to be free from time, and felt that this life is a thralldom.

Thus as I stood, the bell which awhile from its warning had rested,
Sent forth its note again, toll, toll, through the silence of evening.
'T is a deep dull sound that is heavy and mournful at all times,
For it tells of mortality always. But heavier this day
Fell on the conscious ear its deeper and mournful er import,
Yea, in the heart it sunk ; for this was the day when the herald
Breaking his wand should proclaim, that George our King was de-
parted.

Thou art released ! I cried : thy soul is deliver'd from bondage !
Thou who hast lain so long in mental and visual darkness,
Thou art in yonder heaven ! thy place is in light and in glory.

Come, and behold !...methought a startling Voice from the twilight
Answered ; and therewithal I felt a stroke as of lightning,
With a sound like the rushing of winds, or the roaring of waters,
If from without it came, I knew not, so sudden the seizure ;
Or if the brain itself in that strong flash had expended
All its electric stores. Of strength and of thought it bereft me ;
Hearing, and sight, and sense were gone ; and when I awaken'd
'T was from a dream of death, in silence and uttermost darkness ;
Knowing not where or how, nor if I was rapt in the body,
Nor if entranced, or dead. But all around me was blackness,
Utterly blank and void, as if this ample creation
Had been blotted out, and I were alone in the chaos.
Yet had I even then a living hope to sustain me
Under that awful thought, and I strengthen'd my spirit with prayer

Comfort I sought and support, and both were found in retiring
Into that inner world, the soul's strong hold and her kingdom.
Then came again the Voice, but then no longer appalling,
Like the voice of a friend it came : O son of the Muses !
Be of good heart, it said, and think not that thou art abandon'd ;
For to thy mortal sight shall the Grave unshadow its secrets ;
Such as of yore the Florentine saw, Hell's perilous chambers
He who trod in his strength ; and the arduous Mountain of Penance,
And the regions of Paradise, sphere within sphere intercircled.
Child of Earth, look up ! and behold what passes before thee.

II.

THE VAULT.

So by the Unseen comforted, raised I my head in obedience,
 And in a vault I found myself placed, arch'd over on all sides,
 Narrow and low was that house of the dead. Around it were coffins,
 Each in its niche, and palls, and urns, and funeral hatchments;
 Velvets of Tyrian dye, retaining their hues unfaded;
 Blazonry vivid still, as if fresh from the touch of the limner;
 Nor was the golden fringe, nor the golden broiery tarnish'd,

Whence came the light whereby that place of death was discover'd?
 For there was there no lamp, whose wondrous flame inextinguish'd,
 As with a vital power endued, renewing its substance,
 Age after age unchanged, endureth in self-subsistence :
 Nor did the cheerful beam of day, direct or reflected,
 Penetrate there. That low and subterranean chamber
 Saw not the living ray, nor felt the breeze; but for ever
 Closely immured, was scald'd in perpetual silence and darkness,
 Whence then this lovely light, calm, pure, and soft, and cerulean,
 Such as the sapphire sheds? And whence this air that infuses
 Strength while I breathe it in, and a sense of life, and a stillness,
 Filling the heart with peace, and giving a joy that contents it?
 Not of the Earth that light; and these paradisaical breathings,
 Not of the Earth are they!

These thoughts were passing within me,
 When there arose around a strain of heavenly music,

Such as the hermit hears when Angels visit his slumbers.
Faintly it first began, scarce heard ; and gentle its rising,
Low as the softest breath that passes in summer at evening
O'er the Eolian strings, felt there when nothing is moving,
Save the thistle-down, lighter than air, and the leaf of the aspin.
Then as it swell'd and rose, the thrilling melody deepen'd ,
Such, methought, should the music be, which is heard in the cloister,
By the sisterhood standing around the beatified Virgin,
When with her dying eyes she sees the firmament open,
Lifts from the bed of dust her arms towards her beloved,
Utters the adorable name, and breathes out her soul in a rapture.

Well could I then believe such legends, and well could I credit
All that the poets old relate of Amphion and Orpheus ;
How to melodious sounds wild beasts their strength have surrender'd,
Men were reclaim'd from the woods, and stones in harmonious order
Moved, as their atoms obey'd the mysterious attraction of concord.
This was a higher strain ; a mightier, holier virtue
Came with its powerful tones. O'ercome by the piercing emotion,
Dizzy I grew, and it seem'd as though my soul were dissolving.
How might I bear unmoved such sounds ? For, like as the vapours
Melt on the mountain side, when the sun comes forth in his splendour,
Even so the vaulted roof and whatever was earthly
Faded away ; the Grave was gone, and the Dead was awaken'd.

Peace is obtain'd then at last, with safety and honour! the Monarch
Cried, and he clasp'd his hands;... I thank Thee, O merciful Father!
Now is my heart's desire fulfill'd.

With honour surpassing

All that in elder time had adorn'd the annals of England,
Peace hath been won by the sword, the faithful minister answer'd.
Paris hath seen once more the banners of England in triumph
Wave within her walls, and the ancient line is establish'd.
While that man of blood, the tyrant, faithless and godless,
Render'd at length the sport, as long the minion of Fortune,
Far away, confined in a rocky isle of the ocean,
Fights his battles again, and pleased to win in the chamber
What he lost in the field, in fancy conquers his conqueror.
There he reviles his foes, and there the ungrateful accuses
For his own defaults the men who too faithfully served him;
Frets and complains and intrigues, and abuses the mercy that spared
him.

Oh that my King could have known these things! could have wit-
ness'd how England
Check'd in its full career the force of her enemy's empire,
Singly defied his arms and his arts, and baffled them singly,
Roused from their lethal sleep with the stirring example the nations,
And the reflux tide swept him and his fortune before it.
Oh that my King, ere he died, might have seen the fruit of his counsels!

Nay, it is better thus, the Monarch piously answer'd;
Here I can bear the joy; it comes as an earnest of Heaven.
Righteous art Thou, O Lord! long-suffering, but sure are thy judge-
ments.

Then having paused awhile, like one in devotion abstracted,
Earthward his thoughts recurr'd, so deeply the care of his country

Lay in that royal soul reposed : and he said, Is the spirit
Quell'd which hath troubled the land ? and the multitude freed from
delusion,
Know they their blessings at last, and are they contented and thank-
ful ?

Still is that fierce and restless spirit at work, was the answer ;
Still it deceiveth the weak, and inflameth the rash and the desperate,
Even now, I ween, some dreadful deed is preparing ;
For the Souls of the Wicked are loose, and the Powers of Evil
Move on the wing alert. Some nascent horror they look for,
Be sure ! some accursed conception of filth and of darkness
Ripe for its monstrous birth. Whether France or Britain be
threaten'd,
Soon will the issue show ; or if both at once are endanger'd,
For with the ghosts obscene of Robespierre, Danton, and Hebert,
Faux and Despard I saw, and the band of rabid fanatics,
They whom Venner led, who rising in frantic rebellion
Made the Redeemer's name their cry of slaughter and treason.

IV.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

THUS as he spake, methought the surrounding space dilated.
 Over head I beheld the infinite ether ; beneath us
 Lay the solid expanse of the firmament spread like a pavement :
 Wheresoever I look'd, there was light and glory around me.
 Brightest it seem'd in the East, where the New Jerusalem glitter'd.
 Eminent on a hill, there stood the Celestial City ;
 Beaming afar it shone ; its towers and cupolas rising
 High in the air serene, with the brightness of gold in the furnace,
 Where on their breadth the splendour lay intense and quiescent :
 Part with a fierier glow, and a short quick tremulous motion,
 Like the burning pyropus ; and turrets and pinnacles sparkled,
 Playing in jets of light, with a diamond-like glory coruscant.
 Groves of all hues of green their foliage intermingled,
 Tempering with grateful shade the else unendurable lustre.
 Drawing near, I beheld what over the portal was written :
 This is the Gate of Bliss, it said ; through me is the passage
 To the City of God, the abode of beatified Spirits.
 Weariness is not there, nor change, nor sorrow, nor parting ;
 Time hath no place therein ; nor evil. Ye who would enter,
 Drink of the Well of Life, and put away all that is earthly.

O'er the adamantine gates an Angel stood on the summit.
 Ho ! he exclaim'd, King George of England cometh to judgement !
 Hear Heaven ! Ye Angels hear ! Souls of the Good and the Wicked
 Whom it concerns, attend ! Thou, Hell, bring forth his accusers !
 As the sonorous summons was utter'd, the Winds, who were waiting,

Bore it abroad through Heaven; and Hell, in her nethermost caverns,
Heard, and obey'd in dismay.

Anon a body of splendour
Gather'd before the gate, and veil'd the Ineffable Presence,
Which, with a rushing of wings, came down. The sentient ether
Shook with that dread descent, and the solid firmament trembled.
Round the cloud were the Orders of Heaven... Archangel and Angel,
Principality, Cherub and Seraph, Thrones, Dominations,
Virtues, and Powers. The Souls of the Good, whom Death had
made perfect,
Flocking on either hand, a multitudinous army,
Came at the awful call. In semicircle inclining,
Tier over tier they took their place: aloft, in the distance,
Far as the sight could pierce, that glorious company glisten'd.
From the skirts of the shining assembly, a silvery vapour
Rose in the blue serene, and moving onward it deepen'd,
Taking a denser form; the while from the opposite region
Heavy and sulphurous clouds roll'd on, and completed the circle.
There with the Spirits accurst, in congenial darkness enveloped,
Were the Souls of the Wicked, who wilful in guilt and in error,
Chose the service of sin, and now were abiding its wages.
Change of place to them brought no reprieve from anguish;
They in their evil thoughts and desires of impotent malice,
Envy, and hate, and blasphemous rage, and remorse unavailing,
Carried a Hell within, to which all outer affliction,
So it abstracted the sense, might be deem'd a remission of torment.
At the edge of the cloud, the Princes of Darkness were marshall'd:
Dimly descried within were wings and truculent faces;
And in the thick obscure there struggled a mutinous uproar,
Railing, and fury, and strife, that the whole deep body of darkness
Roll'd like a troubled sea, with a wide and a manifold motion.

V.

THE ACCUSERS.

On the cerulean floor by that dread circle surrounded,
 Stood the soul of the King alone. In front was the Presence
 Veil'd with excess of light; and behind was the blackness of darkness.
 Then might be seen the strength of holiness, then was its triumph,
 Calm in his faith he stood, and his own clear conscience upheld him.

When the trumpet was blown, and the Angel made proclamation—
 Lo, where the King appears! Come forward ye who arraign him!
 Forth from the lurid cloud a Demon came at the summons.
 It was the Spirit by which his righteous reign had been troubled;
 Likest in form uncouth to the hideous Idols whom India
 (Long by guilty neglect to hellish delusions abandon'd,)
 Worships with horrible rites of self-immolation and torture.
 Many-headed and monstrous the Fiend; with numberless faces,
 Numberless bestial ears erect to all rumours, and restless,
 And with numberless mouths which were fill'd with lies as with arrows,
 Clamours arose as he came, a confusion of turbulent voices,
 Maledictions, and blatant tongues, and viperous hisses;
 And in the hubbub of senseless sounds the watchwords of faction,
 Freedom, Invaded Rights, Corruption, and War, and Oppression,
 Loudly enounced were heard.

But when he stood in the Presence,
 Then was the Fiend dismay'd, though with impudence clothed as a
 garment;

And the lying tongues were mute, and the lips which had scatter'd
Accusation and slander, were still. No time for evasion
This, in the Presence he stood : no place for flight ; for dissembling
No possibility there. From the souls on the edge of the darkness,
Two he produced, prime movers and agents of mischief, and bade them
Show themselves faithful now to the cause for which they had labour'd,
Wretched and guilty souls, where now their audacity ? Where now
Are the insolent tongues so ready of old at rejoinder ?
Where the lofty pretences of public virtue and freedom ?
Where the gibe, and the jeer, and the threat, the envenom'd invective,
Calumny, falsehood, fraud, and the whole ammunition of malice ?
Wretched and guilty souls, they stood in the face of their Sovereign,
Conscious and self-condemn'd ; confronted with him they had injured,
At the Judgement-seat they stood.

Beholding the foremost,

Him by the cast of his eye oblique, I knew as the firebrand
Whom the unthinking populace held for their idol and hero,
Lord of Misrule in his day. But how was that countenance alter'd
Where emotion of fear or of shame had never been witness'd ;
That invincible forehead abash'd ; and those eyes wherein malice
Once had been wont to shine with wit and hilarity temper'd,
Into how deep a gloom their mournful expression had settled !
Little avail'd it now that not from a purpose malignant,
Not with evil intent he had chosen the service of evil ;
But of his own desires the slave, with profligate impulse,
Solely by selfishness moved, and reckless of aught that might follow.
Could he plead in only excuse a confession of baseness ?
Could he hide the extent of his guilt ; or hope to atone for
Faction excited at home, when all old feuds were abated,
Insurrection abroad, and the train of woes that had follow'd !
Discontent and disloyalty, like the teeth of the dragon,
He had sown on the winds ; they had ripen'd beyond the Atlantic ;

Thence in natural birth sedition, revolt, revolution;
France had received the seeds, and reap'd the harvest of horrors; . .
Where... where should the plague be stay'd? Oh, most to be pitied
They of all souls in bale, who see no term to the evil
They by their guilt have raised, no end to their inner upbraidings!

Him I could not choose but know, nor knowing but grieve for.
Who might the other be, his comrade in guilt and in suffering,
Brought to the proof like him, and shrinking like him from the trial?
Nameless the libeller lived, and shot his arrows in darkness;
Undetected he pass'd to the grave, and leaving behind him
Noxious works on earth, and the pest of an evil example,
Went to the world beyond, where no offences are hidden.
Mask'd had he been in his life, and now a visor of iron
Riveted round his head, had abolish'd his features for ever.
Speechless the slanderer stood, and turn'd his face from the Monarch
Iron-bound as it was, . . so insupportably dreadful
Soon or late to conscious guilt is the eye of the injured.

Caitiffs, are ye dumb? cried the multifaced Demon in anger;
Think ye then by shame to shorten the term of your penance?
Back to your penal dens! . . . And with horrible grasp gigantic
Seizing the guilty pair, he swung them aloft, and in vengeance
Hurl'd them all abroad, far into the sulphurous darkness.
Sons of Faction, be warn'd! And ye, ye Slanderers! learn ye
Justice, and bear in mind that after death there is judgement.
Whirling, away they flew. Nor long himself did he tarry,
Ere from the ground where he stood, caught up by a vehement
 whirlwind,
He too was hurried away; and the blast with lightning and thunder
Vollying aright and aleft amid the accumulate blackness,

Scatter'd its inmates accurst, and beyond the limits of ether
Drove the hircine host obscene : they howling and groaning
Fell precipitate, down to their dolorous place of endurance.
Then was the region clear ; the arrowy flashes which redden'd
Through the foul thick throng, like sheeted argentry floating
Now o'er the blue serene, diffused an innocuous splendour,
In the infinite dying away. The roll of the thunder
Ceased, and all sounds were hush'd, till again from the gate adamantine
Was the voice of the Angel heard through the silence of Heaven.

VI.

THE ABSOLVERS.

Ho ! he exclaim'd, King George of England standeth in judgement !
 Hell hath been dumb in his presence. Ye who on earth arraign'd him,
 Come ye before him now, and here accuse or absolve him !
 For injustice hath here no place.

From the Souls of the Blessed

Some were there then who advanced ; and more from the skirts of
 the meeting,

Spirits who had not yet accomplish'd their purification,
 Yet being cleansed from pride, from faction and error deliver'd,
 Purged of the film wherewith the eye of the mind is clouded,
 They, in their better state, saw all things clear ; and discerning
 Now in the light of truth what tortuous views had deceived them,
 They acknowledged their fault, and own'd the wrong they had offer'd ;
 Not without ingenuous shame, and a sense of compunction,
 More or less, as each had more or less to atone for.

One alone remain'd, when the rest had retired to their station :
 Silently he had stood, and still unmoved and in silence,
 With a steady mien, regarded the face of the Monarch.
 Thoughtful awhile he gazed ; severe, but serene, was his aspect ;
 Calm, but stern ; like one whom no compassion could weaken,
 Neither could doubt deter, nor violent impulses alter ;
 Lord of his own resolves, &c. of his own heart absolute master.
 Aweful Spirit ! his place was with ancient sages and heroes :
 Fabius, Aristides, and Solon, and Epaminondas.

Here then at the Gate of Heaven we are met ! said the Spirit ;
King of England ! albeit in life opposed to each other,
Here we meet at last. Not unprepared for the meeting
Ween I ; for we had both outlived all enmity, rendering
Each to each that justice which each from each had withholden.
In the course of events, to thee I seem'd as a Rebel,
Thou a Tyrant to me ; . . . so strongly doth circumstance rule men
During evil days, when right and wrong are confounded,
Left to our hearts we were just. For me, my actions have spoken,
That not for lawless desires, nor goaded by desperate fortunes,
Nor for ambition, I chose my part ; but observant of duty,
Self-approved. And here, this witness I willingly bear thee, . .
Here, before Angels and Men, in the awful hour of judgement, . .
Thou too didst act with upright heart, as befitted a Sovereign
True to his sacred trust, to his crown, his kingdom, and people.
Heaven in these things fulfill'd its wise, though inscrutable purpose,
While we work'd its will, doing each in his place as became him.

Washington ! said the Monarch, well hast thou spoken and truly,
Just to thyself and to me. On them is the guilt of the contest,
Who, for wicked ends, with foul arts of faction and falsehood,
Kindled and fed the flame : but verily they have their guerdon.
Thou and I are free from offence. And would that the nations,
Learning of us, would lay aside all wrongful resentment,
All injurious thought, and honouring each in the other
Kindred courage and virtue, and cognate knowledge and freedom,
Live in brotherhood wisely conjoin'd. We set the example.
They who stir up strife, and would break that natural concord,
Evil they sow, and sorrow will they reap for their harvest.

VII.

THE BEATIFICATION.

WHEN that Spirit withdrew, the Monarch around the assembly
Look'd, but none else came forth ; and he heard the voice of the
Angel, . .

King of England, speak for thyself ! here is none to arraign thee.
Father, he replied, from whom no secrets are hidden,
What should I say ? Thou knowest that mine was an arduous station,
Full of cares, and with perils beset. How heavy the burthen
Thou alone canst tell ! Short-sighted and frail hast Thou made us,
And Thy judgements who can abide ? But as surely Thou knowest
The desire of my heart hath been alway the good of my people,
Pardon my errors, O Lord, and in mercy accept the intention !
As in Thee I have trusted, so let me not now be confounded.

Bending forward he spake with earnest humility. Well done,
Good and faithful servant ! then said a Voice from the Brightness,
Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. . . . The ministering Spirits
Clapt their pennons therewith, and from that whole army of Angels
Songs of thanksgiving and joy resounded, and loud hallelujahs ;
While on the wings of Winds upraised, the pavilion of splendour
Where inscrutable light enveloped the Holy of Holies,
Moved, and was borne away, through the empyrean ascending.

Beautiful then on its hill appear'd the Celstial City,
Softened, like evening suns, to a mild and bearable lustre.
Beautiful was the ether above ; and the sapphire beneath us,
Beautiful was its tone, to the dazzled sight as refreshing
As the fields with their loveliest green at the coming of summer,
When the mind is at ease, and the eye and the heart are contented.

Then methought we approach'd the gate. In front of the portal,
From a rock where the standard of man's Redemption was planted,
Issued the Well of Life, where whosoever would enter,
So it was written, must drink, and put away all that is earthly.
Earth among its gems, its creations of art and of nature,
Offers not aught whereto that marvellous Cross may be liken'd
Even in dim similitude, such was its wonderful substance.
Pure it was and diaphanous. It had no visible lustre ;
Yet from It alone whole Heaven was illuminate alway ;
Day and Night being none in the upper firmament, neither
Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars ; but from that Cross as a fountain
Flow'd the Light uncreated ; light all-sufficing, eternal,
Light which was, and which is, and which will be, for ever and ever ;
Light of light, which, if daringly gazed on, would blind an Archangel,
Yet the eye of weak man may behold, and beholding is strengthen'd ;
Yea, while we wander below, opprest with our bodily burthen,
And in the shadow of death, this Light is in mercy vouchsafed us,
So we seek it with humble heart ; and the soul that receives it
Hath with it healing and strength, peace, love, and life everlasting.

Thither the King drew nigh, and kneeling he drank of the water.
Oh what a change was wrought ! In the semblance of age he had risen,
Such as at last he appear'd, with the traces of time and affliction
Deep on his faded form, when the burthen of years was upon him.

Oh what a change was wrought ! For now the corruptible put on
Incorruption ; the mortal put off mortality. Rising
Rejuvenescent he stood in a glorified body, obnoxious
Never again to change, nor to evil and trouble and sorrow,
But for eternity form'd, and to bliss everlasting appointed.

VIII.

THE SOVEREIGNS.

LIFT up your heads, ye Gates ; and ye everlasting Portals,
Be ye lift up ! For lo ! a glorified Monarch approacheth,
One who in righteousness reign'd, and religiously govern'd his people,
Who are these that await him within ? Nassau the Deliverer,
Him I knew : and the Stuart, he who, serene in his meekness,
Bow'd his anointed head beneath the axe of rebellion,
Calm in that insolent hour, and over his fortune triumphant.

Queen of the eagle eye, thou too, O matchless Eliza,
Excellent Queen, wert there ! and thy brother's beautiful spirit ;
O'er whose innocent head there hover'd a silvery halo,
Such as crowns the Saint when his earthly warfare is ended.

There too was he of the sable mail, the hero of Cressy,
Flower of chivalry, he, in arms and in courtesy peerless.
There too his royal sire I saw, magnificent Edward,
He who made the English renown, and the fame of his Windsor
In the Orient and Occident known, from Tagus to Tigris,
Lion-hearted Richard was there, redoubtable warrior,
At whose irresistible presence the Saracen trembled ;
At whose name the Caliph exclaim'd in dismay on Mahommed,
Syrian mothers grew pale, and their children were scared into silence.
Born in a bloody age, did he in his prowess exulting

Run like a meteor his course, and fulfil the service assign'd him,
Checking the Mussulman power in the height of its prosperous fortune;
But that leonine heart was with virtues humaner ennobled,
(Otherwhere else, be sure, his doom had now been appointed,) Friendship, disdain of wrong, and generous feeling redeem'd it,
Magnanimity there had its seat, and the love of the Muses.

There with the Saxon Kings who founded our laws and our temples,
(Gratefully still to be named while these endure in remembrance,
They, for the pious work!) I saw the spirit of Alfred;
Alfred than whom no Prince with loftier intellect gifted,
Nor with a finer soul, nor in virtue more absolute, ever
Made a throne twice-hallow'd, and reign'd in the hearts of his people.
With him the Worthies were seen who in life partook of his labours,
Shared his thoughts, and with him for the weal of posterity travail'd:
Some who in cloisters immured, and to painful study devoted
Day and night, their patient and innocent lives exhausted,
And in meekness possess'd their souls: and some who in battle
Put the Raven to flight: and some who intrepid in duty
Reach'd the remotest East, or invading the kingdom of Winter,
Plough'd with audacious keel the Hyperborean Ocean.
I could perceive the joy which fill'd their beatified spirits
While of the Georgian age they thought, and the glory of England.

IX.

THE ELDER WORTHIES.

LIFT up your heads, ye Gates ; and ye everlasting Portals,
Be ye lift up ! Behold the Worthies are there to receive him,
They who in later days, or in elder ages ennobled
Britain's dear name. Bede I beheld, who, humble and holy,
Shone like a single star, serene in a night of darkness.
Bacon also was there, the marvellous Friar ; and he who
Struck the spark from which the Bohemian kindled his taper ;
Thence the flame, long and hardly preserved, was to Luther transmitted,
Mighty soul, and he lifted his torch, and enlighten'd the nations.

Thee too, Father Chaucer ! I saw, and delighted to see thee,
At whose well undefiled I drank in my youth, and was strengthen'd ;
With whose mind immortal so oft I have communed, partaking
All its manifold moods, and willingly moved at its pleasure.
Bearing the palm of martyrdom, Cranmer was there in his meekness,
Holy name to be ever revered ! And Cecil, whose wisdom
'Stablish'd the Church and State, Eliza's pillar of council.
And Shakspeare, who in our hearts for himself hath erected an empire
Not to be shaken by Time, nor e'er by another divided.
But with what love did I then behold the face of my master, . .
Spenser, my master dear ! with whom in boyhood I wander'd
Through the regions of Faery land, in forest or garden
Spending delicious hours, or at tilt and tourney rejoicing ;

Yea, by the magic of verse enlarged, and translated in spirit,
In the World of Romance free denizen I ; . . . till awakening,
When the spell was dissolved, this real earth and its uses
Seem'd to me weary, and stale, and flat.

With other emotion

Milton's severer shade I saw, and in reverence humbled
Gazed on that soul sublime : of passion now as of blindness
Heal'd, and no longer here to Kings and to Hierarchs hostile,
He was assoil'd from taint of the fatal fruit ; and in Eden
Not again to be lost, consorted an equal with Angels.
Taylor too was there, from whose mind of its treasures redundant
Streams of eloquence flow'd, like an inexhaustible fountain :
And the victor of Blenheim, alike in all virtues accomplish'd,
Public or private, he ; the perfect soldier and statesman,
England's reproach and her pride ; her pride for his noble achievements,
Her reproach for the wrongs he endured : And Newton, exalted
There above those orbs whose motions from earth he had measured,
Through infinity ranging in thought : And Berkeley, angelic
Now in substance as soul, that kingdom enjoying where all things
Are what they seem, and the good and the beautiful there are eternal.

X.

THE WORTHIES OF THE GEORGIAN AGE.

THESE with a kindred host of great and illustrious spirits
Stood apart, while a train whom nearer duty attracted
Through the Gate of Bliss came forth to welcome their Sovereign.
Many were they and glorious all. Conspicuous among them
Wolfe was seen : And the seaman who fell on the shores of Owhyhee,
Leaving a lasting name, to humanity dear as to science :
And the mighty musician of Germany, ours by adoption,
Who beheld in the King his munificent pupil and patron.
Reynolds, with whom began that school of art which hath equal'd
Richest Italy's works, and the masterly labours of Belgium,
Came in that famous array : and Hogarth, who follow'd no master,
Nor by pupil shall e'er be approach'd, alone in his greatness.
Reverend in comely mien, of aspect mild and benignant,
There, too, Wesley I saw and knew, whose zeal apostolic,
Though with error alloy'd, hath on earth its merited honour,
As in Heaven its reward. And Mansfield the just and intrepid ;
Wise Judge, by the craft of the Law ne'er seduced from its purpose ;
And when the misled multitude raged like the winds in their madness,
Not to be moved from his rightful resolves. And Burke I beheld there,
Eloquent statesman and sage, who, though late, broke loose from
his trammels,
Giving then to mankind what party too long had diverted.
Here, where wrongs are forgiven, was the injured Hastings beside him :

Strong in his high deserts, and in innocence happy, though injured,
 He, in his good old age, outlived persecution and malice.
 Even where he had stood a mark for the arrows of slander,
 He had his triumph at last, when moved with one feeling, the Senate
 Rose in respect at his sight, and atoned for the sin of their fathers.

Cowper, thy lovely spirit was there, by death disenchanted
 From that heavy spell which had bound it in sorrow and darkness,
 Thou wert there, in the kingdom of peace and of light everlasting.
 Nelson also was there in the kingdom of peace, though his calling
 While upon earth he dwelt, was to war and the work of destruction.
 Not in him had that awful ministry deaden'd, or weaken'd
 Quick compassion, and feelings that raise while they soften our nature.
 Wise in counsel, and steady in purpose, and rapid in action,
 Never thought of self from the course of his duty seduced him,
 Never doubt of the issue unworthily warp'd his intention.
 Long shall his memory live, and while his example is cherish'd,
 From the Queen of the Seas, the sceptre shall never be wrested.

XI.

THE YOUNG SPIRITS.

YE whom I leave unnamed, ye other Worthies of Britain,
Lights of the Georgian age, . . . for ye are many and noble,
How might I name ye all, whom I saw in this glorious vision? . . .
Pardon ye the imperfect tale ! Yet some I beheld there,
Whom should I pretermit, my heart might rightly upbraid me,
That its tribute of honour, poor though it be, was withholden.
Somewhat apart they came, in fellowship gather'd together,
As in goodly array they follow'd the train of the Worthies.
Chosen spirits were these, of the finest elements temper'd,
And embodied on earth in mortality's purest texture ;
But in the morning of hope, in the blossom of virtue and genius,
They were cut down by death. What then, . . . were it wise to lament
them,
Seeing the mind bears with it its wealth, and the soul its affections?
What we sow, we shall reap ; and the seeds whereof earth is not worthy
Strike their roots in a kindlier soil, and ripen to harvest.

Here were the gallant youths of high heroic aspiring,
Who, so fate had allow'd, with the martial renown of their country
Would have wedded their names, for perpetual honour united ;
Strong of heart and of mind, but in undistinguishing battle,
Or by pestilence stricken, they fell, unknown and confounded
With the common dead. Oh ! many are they who were worthy,

Under the Red Cross flag, to have wielded the thunders of Britain,
 Making her justice felt, and her proper power upholding
 Upon all seas and shores, wheresoever her rights were offended,
 Followers of Nelson's path, and the glorious career of the Wellesley.
 Many are they, whose bones beneath the billows have whiten'd,
 Or in foreign earth they have moulder'd, hastily cover'd,
 In some wide and general grave.

Here also were spirits
 To have guided, like Cecil of old, the councils of England ;
 Or, like Canning, have silenced and charm'd a tumultuous Senate,
 When to the height of his theme, the consummate Orator rising,
 Makes our Catalines pale, and rejoices the friends of their country.

Others came in that goodly band whom benigner fortune
 Led into pleasanter ways on earth : the children of Science
 Some, whose unerring pursuit would, but for death, have extended
 O'er the unknown and material, Man's intellectual empire,
 Such their intuitive power ; like Davy, disarming destruction
 When it moves on the vapour ; or him, who discovering the secret
 Of the dark and ebullient abyss, with the fire of Vesuvius
 Arm'd the chemist's hand : well then might Eleusinian Ceres
 Yield to him, from whom the seas and the mountains conceal'd not
 Nature's mystery, hid in their depths.

Here lost in their promise
 And prime, were the children of Art, who should else have deliver'd
 Works and undying names to grateful posterity's keeping,
 Such as Haydon will leave on earth ; and he who, returning
 Rich in praise to his native shores, hath left a remembrance
 Long to be honour'd and loved on the banks of Thames and of Tiber :
 So may America, prizing in time the worth she possesses,
 Give to that hand free scope, and boast hereafter of Allston.

Here too, early lost and deplored, were the youths whom the Muses
Mark'd for themselves at birth, and with dews from Castalia sprinkled:
Chatterton first, (for not to his affectionate spirit
Could the act of madness innate for guilt be accounted :)
Marvellous boy, whose antique songs and unhappy story
Shall, by gentle hearts, be in mournful memory cherish'd
Long as thy ancient towers endure, and the rocks of St. Vincent,
Bristol ! my birth-place dear. What though I have chosen a dwelling
Far away, and my grave shall not be found by the stranger
Under thy sacred care, nathless in love and in duty
Still am I bound to thee, and by many a deep recollection !
City of elder days, I know how largely I owe thee;
Nor least for the hope and the strength that I gather'd in boyhood,
While on Chatterton musing, I fancied his spirit was with me
In the haunts which he loved upon earth. 'T was a joy in my vision
When I beheld his face. . . And here was the youth of Loch Leven,
Nipt, like an April flower, that opens its leaves to the sunshine,
While the breath of the East prevails. And Russell and Bampfyde,
Bright emanations they ! And the Poet, whose songs of childhood
Trent and the groves of Clifton heard ; not alone by the Muses
But by the Virtues loved, his soul in its youthful aspirings
Sought the Holy Hill, and his thirst was for Siloa's waters.
Was I deceived by desire, or, Henry, indeed did thy spirit
Know me, and meet my look, and smile like a friend at the meeting?

XII.

THE MEETING.

LIFT up your heads, ye Gates ; and ye everlasting Portals,
 Be ye lift up ! Behold the splendid train of the Worthies
 Halt ; and with quicker pace a happy company issues
 Forth from the Gate of Bliss : the Parents, the Children, and Consort,
 Come to welcome in Heaven the Son, the Father, and Husband !
 Hour of perfect joy that o'er pays all earthly affliction ;
 Yea, and the thought whereof supporteth the soul in its anguish !

There came England's blossom of hope, . . the beautiful Princess ;
 She in whose wedded bliss all hearts rejoiced, and whose death-bell,
 Heard from tower to tower through the island, carried a sorrow,
 Felt by all like a private grief, which, sleeping or waking,
 Will not be shaken away ; but possesses the soul and disturbs it.
 There was our late-lost Queen, the nation's example of virtue ;
 In whose presence vice was not seen, nor the face of dishonour,
 Pure in heart, and spotless in life, and secret in bounty,
 Queen, and Mother, and Wife unreprieved. . . The gentle Amelia
 Stretch'd her arms to her father there, in tenderness shedding
 Tears, such as Angels weep. That hand was toward him extended
 Whose last pressure he could not bear, when merciful Nature,
 As o'er her dying bed he bent in severest anguish,
 Laid on his senses a weight, and suspended the sorrow for ever.
 He hath recover'd her now : all, all that was lost is restored him ; ..

Hour of perfect bliss that o'er pays all earthly affliction !
They are met where Change is not known, nor Sorrow, nor Parting,
Death is subdued, and the Grave, which conquers all, hath been
conquer'd.

When I beheld them meet, the desire of my soul overcame me ;
And when with harp and voice the loud hosannahs of welcome
Fill'd the rejoicing sky, as the happy company enter'd
Through the everlasting Gates ; I, too, press'd forward to enter :...
But the weight of the body withheld me. I stooped to the fountain,
Eager to drink thereof, and to put away all that was carthly.
Darkness came over me then at the chilling touch of the water,
And my feet methought sunk, and I fell precipitate. Starting,
Then I awoke, and beheld the mountains in twilight before me,
Dark and distinct ; and instead of the rapturous sound of hosannahs,
Heard the bell from the tower, toll ! toll ! thro' the silence of evening.

NOTES.

NOTES.

—*From surrounding things the hues wherewith day has adorn'd them
Fade, like the hopes of youth.*—I. p. 213.

This effect of twilight, and in the very scene described, has been lately represented by Mr. William Westall, in one of his Views of the Lakes, with the true feeling and power of genius. The range of mountains which is described in these introductory lines, may also be seen in his View of the Vale of Keswick from the Penrith road.

*The last pale tint of the twilight ;
Green as a stream in the glen whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistous bed.*—I. p. 213.

St. Pierre, who is often a fanciful, generally a delightful, but always an animated and ingenious writer, has some characteristic speculations concerning this green light of evening. He says, *Je suis porté à attribuer à la couleur verte des végétaux qui couvrent en été une grande partie de notre hémisphère, cette belle teinte d'émeraude que l'on apperçoit quelquefois dans cette saison au firmament, vers le coucher du soleil. Elle est rare dans nos climats ; mais elle est fréquente entre les tropiques, où l'été dure toute l'année. Je sais bien qu'on peut rendre raison de ce phénomène par la simple réfraction des rayons du soleil dans l'atmosphère, ce prisme sphérique de notre globe. Mais, outre qu'on peut objecter que la couleur verte ne se voit point en hiver dans notre ciel, c'est que je peux apporter à l'appui de mon opinion d'autres faits qui semblent prouver que la*

couleur même azurée de l'atmosphère n'est qu'une réflexion de celle de l'océan. En effet, les glaces flottantes qui descendent tous les ans du pôle nord, s'annoncent, avant de paroître sur l'horizon, par une lueur blanche qui éclaire le ciel jour et nuit, et qui n'est qu'un reflet des neiges cristallisées qui les composent. Cette lueur paroît semblable à celle de l'aurore boréale, dont le foyer est au milieu des glaces même de notre pôle, mais dont la couleur blanche est mêlée de jaune, de rouge, et de vert, parce qu'elle participe des couleurs du sol ferrugineux et de la verdure des forêts de sapins qui couvrent notre zone glaciale. La cause de cette variation de couleurs dans notre aurore boréale est d'autant plus vraisemblable, que l'aurore australe, comme l'a observé le Capitaine Cook, en diffère en ce que sa couleur blanche n'est jamais mêlée que de teintes bleues, qui n'ont lieu, selon moi, que parce que les glaces du pôle austral, sans continent et sans végétaux, sont entourées de toutes parts de l'océan, qui est bleu. Ne voyons-nous pas que la lune, que nous supposons couverte en grande partie de glaciers très-élevés, nous renvoie en lumière d'un blanc bleuâtre les rayons du soleil, qui sont dorés dans notre atmosphère ferrugineuse ? N'est-ce pas par la réverbération d'un sol composé de fer, que la planète de Mars nous réfléchit, en tout temps, une lumière rouge ? N'est-il pas plus naturel d'attribuer ces couleurs constantes aux réverbérations du sol, des mers, et des végétaux de ces planètes, plutôt qu'aux réfractions variables des rayons du soleil dans leurs atmosphères, dont les couleurs devroient changer à toute heure, suivant leurs différens aspects avec cet astre ! Comme Mars apparôit constamment rouge à la terre, il est possible que la terre apparôisse à Mars comme une pierrerie brillante des couleurs de l'opale au pôle nord, de celles de l'aigue-marine au pôle sud, et, tour-à-tour, de celles du saphir et de l'émeraude dans la reste de sa circonférence. Mais, sans sortir de notre atmosphère, je crois que la terre y renvoie la couleur bleue de son océan avec des reflets de la couleur verte de ses végétaux, en tout temps dans la zone torride, et en été seulement dans nos climats, par la même raison que ces deux pôles y réfléchissent des aurores boréales différentes, qui participent des couleurs de la terre, ou des mers qui les avoisinent.

Peut-être même notre atmosphère réfléchit-elle quelquefois les formes des

paysages, qui annoncent les îles aux navigateurs bien long temps avant qu'ils puissent y aborder. Il est remarquable qu'elles ne se montrent comme les reflets de verdure qu'à l'horizon et du côté du soleil couchant. Je citerai, à ce sujet, un homme de l'île de France qui apercevoit dans le ciel les images des vaisseaux qui étoient en pleine mer : le célèbre Vernet, qui m'a attesté avoir vu une fois dans les nuages les tours et les remparts d'une ville située à sept lieues de lui ; et le phénomène du détroit de Sicile, connu sous le nom de Fee-Morgane. Les nuages et les vapeurs de l'atmosphère peuvent fort bien réfléchir les formes et les couleurs des objets terrestres, puisqu'ils réfléchissent dans les purées l'image du soleil au point de la rendre ardente comme le soleil lui-même. Enfin, les eaux de la terre répètent les couleurs et les formes des nuages de l'atmosphère : pourquoi les vapeurs de l'atmosphère, à leur tour, ne pourroient-elles pas réfléchir le bleu de la mer, la verdure et le jaune de la terre, ainsi que les couleurs chatoyantes des glaces polaires ?

Au reste, je ne donne mon opinion que comme mon opinion. L'histoire de la nature est une édifice à peine commencé ; ne craignons pas d'y poser quelques pierres d'attente : nos neveux s'en serviront pour l'agrandir, ou les supprimeront comme superflues. Si mon autorité est nulle dans l'avenir, peu importera que je me sois trompé sur ce point : mon ouvrage rentrera dans l'obscurité d'où il étoit sorti. Mais s'il est un jour de quelque considération, mon erreur en physique sera plus utile à la morale, qu'une vérité d'ailleurs indifférente au bonheur des hommes. On en conclura avec raison qu'il faut être en garde contre les écrivains même accrédités.

Harmonies de la Nature, t. i. 129.

" I am inclined to attribute to the green colour of the vegetables with which, during the summer, a great part of our hemisphere is covered, that beautiful emerald tint which we sometimes perceive at that season in the firmament, towards the setting of the sun. It is rare in our climates, but is frequent between the tropics, where summer continues throughout the year. I know that this phenomenon may be explained by the simple refraction of the rays of the sun in the atmosphere, that spherical prism of our globe. But to this it may be objected, that the green colour is

not seen during the winter in our sky ; and moreover, I can support my opinion by other facts, which appear to prove that even the azure colour of the atmosphere is only a reflection of that of the ocean. In fact, the floating ice which descends every year from the North Pole, is announced before it appears upon the horizon, by a white blink, which enlightens the heaven day and night, and which is only a reflection of the crystallized snows, of which those masses are composed. This blink resembles the light of the *aurora borealis*, the centre of which is in the middle of the ice of our pole, but the white colour of which is mixed with yellow, with red, and with green, because it partakes of the colour of a ferruginous soil, and of the verdure of the pine forests which cover our icy zone. This explanation of these variations of colour in our *aurora borealis*, is so much the more probable, because that of the *aurora australis*, as Captain Cook has observed, differs in that its white colour is mixed with blue tints alone, which can only be, according to my opinion, because the ice of the austral pole (where there is no continent and no vegetation) is surrounded on all parts with the ocean, which is blue. Do we not see that the moon, which we suppose to be covered in great part with very elevated glaciers, sends back to us, in a light of a bluish white, the rays of the sun, which are golden in our ferruginous atmosphere? Is it not by the reverberation of a soil composed of iron, that the planet Mars reflects upon us at all times a red light? Is it not more natural to attribute these constant colours to the reverberation of the soil, of the seas, and of the vegetables of these planets, rather than to the variable refractions of the rays of the sun in their atmospheres, the colours of which ought to change every hour, according to their different aspects with regard to that star. As Mars appears constantly red to the earth, it is possible that the earth might appear to Mars like a brilliant jewel, of the colour of the opal towards the North Pole, of the *agao marina* at the South Pole, and alternately of the sapphire in the rest of its circumference. But without going out of our atmosphere, I believe that the earth reflects there the blue colour of its ocean with the green of its vegetation, at all times in the torrid zone, and in

summer only in our climate, for the same reason that its two poles reflect their different *auroras*, which participate of the colours of the earth or the seas that are near them.

“ Perhaps our atmosphere sometimes reflects landscapes, which announce islands to the sailors long before they reach them. It is remarkable that they show themselves, like the reflections of verdure, only in the horizon and on the side of the setting sun. I shall cite, on this subject, a man of the Isle of France, who used to perceive in the sky the images of vessels, which were out in full sea; the celebrated Vernet, who related to me that he had once seen in the clouds the ramparts of a town, situated seven leagues distant from him, and the phenomenon of the straits of Sicily, known under the name of the *Fata Morgana*. The clouds and the vapours of the atmosphere may very well reflect the forms and the colours of earthly objects, since they reflect in parbelions the image of the sun, so as to render it burning as the sun itself. In fine, if the waters of the earth repeat the colours and the forms of the clouds of the atmosphere, why then should not the vapours of the atmosphere, in their turn, reflect the blue of the sea, the verdure and the yellow of the earth, as well as the glancing colours of the polar ices ?

“ I advance my opinion, however, only as my opinion. The history of nature is an edifice which, as yet, is scarcely commenced; let us not fear to carry some stones towards the building; our grandchildren will use them, or lay them aside if they be useless. If my authority is of no weight hereafter, it will import little that I have deceived myself upon this point; my work will enter into obscurity, from whence it came; but if it should be, in future, of some consideration, my error, in physics, will be more useful to morals than a truth, otherwise indifferent to the happiness of mankind. For it will be inferred with reason, that it is necessary to regard even writers of credit with caution.”

In one point of fact, St. Pierre is certainly mistaken. The green evening light is seen as often in winter as in summer. Having been led to look for it in consequence of suspecting the accuracy of his remarks, I noticed it on the very day when this

extract was transcribed for the press, (late in December,) and twice in the course of the ensuing week; and I observed it, not in the evening alone, and in the west, (in which quarter, however, and at which time, it is most frequently seen,) but in different parts of the sky, and at different times of the day.

*Whether France or Britain be threaten'd,
Soon will the issue show, or if both at once are endanger'd.*

III. p. 220.

The murder of the Duke of Berry, and the Cato-street conspiracy, were both planned at the time of the King's death.

This is the Gate of Bliss. — IV. p. 221.

The reader will so surely think of the admirable passage of Dante, which was in the writer's mind when these lines were composed, that I should not think it necessary to notice the imitation, were it not that we live in an age of plagiarism; when not our jackdaws only, but some of our swans also, trick themselves in borrowed plumage. I have never contracted an obligation of this kind, either to contemporary, or predecessor, without acknowledging it.

*Discontent and disloyalty, like the teeth of the dragon,
He had sown on the winds; they had ripen'd beyond the Atlantic.*

V. p. 224.

“Our New World,” says M. Simond, “has generally the credit of having first lighted the torch which was to illuminate, and soon set in a blaze, the finest part of Europe; yet I think the flint was struck, and the first spark elicited, by the patriot, John Wilkes, a few years before. In a time of profound peace, the restless spirits of men, deprived of other objects of public curiosity, seized, with avidity, on those questions which were then agitated with so much violence in England, touching the rights of the people, and of the government, and the nature of power. The end of the political drama was in favour of what was called, and

in some respect was, the liberty of the people. Encouraged by the success of this great comedian, the curtain was no sooner dropt on the scene of Europe, than new actors hastened to raise it again in America, and to give the world a new play, infinitely more interesting, and more brilliant, than the first."

Dr. Franklin describes the state of things during the reign of Wilkes and liberty. He says, "There have been amazing contests all over the kingdom, twenty or thirty thousand pounds of a side spent in several places, and inconceivable mischief done by drunken mad mobs to houses, windows, &c. The scenes have been horrible. London was illuminated two nights running, at the command of the mob, for the success of Wilkes in the Middlesex election; the second night exceeded any thing of the kind ever seen here on the greatest occasions of rejoicing, as even the small cross streets, lanes, courts, and other out-of-the-way places, were all in a blaze with lights, and the principal streets all night long, as the mobs went round again after two o'clock, and obliged people who had extinguished their candles, to light them again. Those who refused had all their windows destroyed. The damage done, and the expense of candles, has been computed at fifty thousand pounds. It must have been great, though probably not so much. The ferment is not yet over, for he has promised to surrender to the court next Wednesday, and another tumult is then expected; and what the upshot will be, no one can yet foresee. It is really an extraordinary event, to see an outlaw and exile, of bad personal character, not worth a farthing, come over from France, set himself up as a candidate for the capital of the kingdom, miss his election only by being too late in his application, and immediately carrying it for the principal county. The mob, (spirited up by numbers of different ballads, sung or roared in every street,) requiring gentlemen and ladies of all ranks, as they passed in their carriages, to shout for Wilkes and liberty, marking the same words on all their coaches with chalk, and No. 45. on every door, which extends a vast way along the roads in the country. I went last week to Winchester, and observed that for fifteen miles out of town there was scarce a door or window-shutter

next the road unmarked : and this continued here and there quite to Winchester, which is sixty-four miles.

* * * * *

Even this capital, the residence of the king, is now a daily scene of lawless riot and confusion. Mobs patrolling the street at noon-day, some knocking all down that will not roar for Wilkes and liberty; courts of justice afraid to give judgement against him; coal-heavers and porters pulling down the houses of coal-merchants that refuse to give them more wages; sawyers destroying saw-mills; sailors unrigging all the outward-bound ships, and suffering none to sail till merchants agree to raise their pay; watermen destroying private boats, and threatening bridges; soldiers firing among the mobs, and killing men, women, and children, which seems only to have produced an universal sullenness, that looks like a great black cloud coming on, ready to burst in a general tempest. What the event will be God only knows. But some punishment seems preparing for a people who are ungratefully abusing the best constitution, and the best king, any nation was ever blessed with; intent on nothing but luxury, licentiousness, power, places, pensions, and plunder, while the ministry, divided in their councils, with little regard for each other, wearied by perpetual oppositions, in continual apprehension of changes, intent on securing popularity, in case they should lose favour, have, for some years past, had little time or inclination to attend to our small affairs, whose remoteness makes them appear still smaller.

* * * * *

All respect to law and government seems to be lost among the common people, who are moreover continually inflamed by seditious scribblers to trample on authority, and every thing that used to keep them in order."

*Sons of Faction, be warn'd ! and ye, ye Slanderers, learn ye
Justice, and bear in mind, that after death there is judgement.*

V. p. 225.

Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos. — VIRGIL.

*Thou too didst act with upright heart, as befitted a Sovereign,
True to his sacred trust, to his crown, his kingdom, and people.*

VI. p. 228.

I am pleased to find (since the first publication of this poem) the same opinion forcibly expressed by Cowper. "It appears to me," he says (writing in 1782), "that the king is bound both by the duty he owes to himself and to his people, to consider himself, with respect to every inch of his territories, as a trustee deriving his interest in them from God, and invested with them by divine authority, for the benefit of his subjects. As he may not sell them or waste them, so he may not resign them to an enemy, or transfer his right to govern them to any, not even to themselves, so long as it is possible for him to keep it. If he does, he betrays at once his own interest, and that of his other dominions. It may be said, suppose Providence has ordained that they shall be wrested from him, how then? I answer, that cannot appear to be the case, till God's purpose is actually accomplished; and in the meantime the most probable prospect of such an event does not release him from his obligation to hold them to the last moment, forasmuch as adverse appearances are no infallible indications of God's designs, but may give place to more comfortable symptoms when we least expect it. Viewing the thing in this light, if I sat on his Majesty's throne, I should be as obstinate as him, because if I quitted the contest while I had any means left of carrying it on, I should never know that I had not relinquished what I might have retained, or be able to render a satisfactory answer to the doubts and enquiries of my own conscience."

*Would that the nations,
Learning of us, would lay aside all wrongful resentment,
All injurious thought, and honouring each in the other,
Kindred courage and virtue, and cognate knowledge and freedom,
Live in brotherhood wisely conjoin'd. We set the example.—VI. p.228.*

The wise and dignified manner in which the late King received the first minister from the United States of America is well known.

It is not so generally known that anxiety and sleeplessness, during the American war, are believed by those persons who had the best opportunity for forming an opinion upon the subject, to have laid the foundation of that malady by which the King was afflicted during the latter years of his life.

Upon the publication of Captain Cook's Voyages, a copy of this national work was sent to Dr. Franklin, by the King's desire, because he had given orders for the protection of that illustrious navigator, in case he should fall in with any American cruisers on his way home.

Calm in that insolent hour, and over his fortune triumphant.

VIII. p. 232.

The behaviour of Charles in that insolent hour extorted admiration, even from the better part of the Commonwealth's-men. It is thus finely described by Andrew Marvell: —

While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands,
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try:
Nor call'd the Gods with vulgar spight
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

Magnificent Edward,

*He who made the English renown, and the fame of his Windsor
In the Orient and Occident known from Tugus to Tigris.*

VIII. p. 232.

The celebrity which Windsor had obtained, as being the most splendid court in Christendom, and the seat of chivalry, may be plainly seen in the romance of Amadis, which was written in Portugal, towards the latter end of Edward the Third's reign. The

Portuguese in that age took their military terms from the English, and St. George came into fashion among them at the same time, as being the English Santiago.

A dispute arose between two knights, the one a Cypriot, the other a Frenchman, who were serving the King of Armenia against the Soldan of Babylon. The other Christian captains in the army determined that they should decide it by single combat before King Edward of England, as the most worthy and honourable prince in all Christendom; and the quarrel, which began in Armenia, was actually thus decided within the lists, at the palace of Westminster. It was won, not very honourably, by the Frenchman.

He, who discovering the secret

Of the dark and ebullient abyss, with the fire of Vesuvius

Arm'd the chemist's hand. — XI. p. 239.

Though chemistry is one of the subjects of which I am contented to be ignorant, I can nevertheless perceive and appreciate the real genius indicated by Dr. Clarke's discovery in the art of fusion. See his Treatise upon the Gas Blow-Pipe; or the account of it in the Quarterly Review, No. xlvi. p. 466.

In referring to the Safety Lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy, I must not be understood as representing that to be the most important of his many and great discoveries. No praise can add to his deserved celebrity.

Not to his affectionate spirit

Could the act of madness innate for guilt be accounted. — XI. p. 240.

The act of suicide is very far from being so certain an indication of insanity as it is usually considered by our inquests. But in the case of Chatterton, it was the manifestation of an hereditary disease. There was a madness in his family. His only sister, during one part of her life, was under confinement.

The law respecting suicide is a most barbarous one; and of late years has never been carried into effect without exciting horror and disgust. It might be a salutary enactment, that all suicides should be given up for dissection. This would certainly prevent many women from committing self-murder, and possibly might in time be useful to physiology. But a sufficient objection to it is, that it would aggravate the distress of afflicted families.

The gentle Amelia.—XII. p. 241.

In one of his few intervals of sanity, after the death of this beloved daughter, the late King gave orders, that a monument should be erected to the memory of one of her attendants, in St. George's Chapel, with the following inscription:

King GEORGE III.
caused to be interred near this place
the body of MARY GASCOIGNE,
Servant to the Princess AMELIA;
and this stone
to be inscribed in testimony of his grateful
sense
of the faithful services and attachment
of an amiable Young Woman to his beloved
Daughter,
whom she survived only three months.
She died 19th of February 1811.

This may probably be considered as the last act of his life; . . a very affecting one it is, and worthy of remembrance. Such a monument is more honourable to the King by whom it was set up, than if he had erected a pyramid.

SPECIMENS, &c.

THE annexed Specimens of Sir Philip Sydney's hexameters will sufficiently evince that the failure of the attempt to naturalize this fine measure in his days, was owing to the manner in which the attempt was made, not the measure itself.

First shall fertile grounds not yield increase of a good seed,
 First the rivers shall cease to repay their floods to the ocean :
 First may a trusty greyhound transform himself to a tyger.
 First shall vertue be vice, and beauty be counted a blemish ;
 Ere that I leave with song of praise her praise to solemnize,
 Her praise, whence to the world all praise hath his only beginning :
 But yet well I do find each man most wise in his own case.
 None can speak of a wound with skill, if he have not a wound felt :
 Great to thee my state seems, thy state is blest by my judgement :
 And yet neither of us great or blest deemeth his own self,
 For yet (weigh this, alas !) great is not great to the greater.
 What judge you doth a hillock show, by the lofty Olympus ?
 Such my minute greatness doth seem compar'd to the greatest.
 When Cedars to the ground fall down by the weight of an Emmet,
 Or when a rich Rubie's price be the worth of a Walnut,
 Or to the Sun for wonders seem small sparks of a candle :
 Then by my high Cedar, rich Rubie, and only shining Sun,
 Vertues, riches, beauties of mine shall great be reputed.
 Oh, no, no, worthy Shepherd, worth can never enter a title,
 Where proofs justly do teach, thus matcht, such worth to be nought
 worth ;

Let not a Puppet abuse thy sprite, Kings' Crowns do not help them

From the cruel headach, nor shoes of gold do the gout heal;
 And precious Couches full oft are shak't with a fever.
 If then a bodily evil in a bodily gloze be not hidden,
 Shall such morning dews be an ease to the heat of a love's fire?

Sydney's pentameters appear even more uncouth than his hexameters, as more unlike their model; for, in our pronunciation, the Latin pentameter reads as if it ended with two trochees.

Fortune, Nature, Love, long have contended about me,
 Which should most miseries cast on a worm that I am.
 Fortune thus 'gan say, misery and misfortune is all one,
 And of misfortune, fortune hath only the gift.
 With strong foes on land, on sea with contrary tempests,
 Still do I cross this wretch what so he taketh in hand.
 Tush, tush, said Nature, this is all but a trifle, a man's self
 Gives haps or mishaps, even as he ordereth his heart.
 But so his humor I frame, in a mould of choler adusted,
 That the delights of life shall be to him dolorous.
 Love smiled, and thus said; What joyn'd to desire is unhappy:
 But if he nought do desire, what can Heraclitus ail?
 None but I work by desire: by desire have I kindled in his soul
 Infernal agonies into a beauty divine:
 Where thou poor Nature left'st all thy due glory, to Fortune
 Her vertue is sovereign, Fortune a vassal of hers.
 Nature abasht went back: Fortune blusht: yet she replied thus:
 And even in that love shall I reserve him a spite.
 Thus, thus, alas! woful by Nature, unhappy by Fortune;
 But most wretched I am, now love wakes my desire.

Sydney has also given examples in his *Arcadia* of Anacreontic, Phalæucian, Sapphic, and Aselepiad verse, all written upon the same erroneous principle. Those persons who consider it ridiculous to write English verses upon any scheme of Latin versification, may perhaps be surprised to learn that they have read, as blank verse, many lines which are perfect Sapphics or Phalæucians. Rowe's tragedies are full of such lines.

The *Censura Literaria* supplies me with two choice samples of Stanihurst's *Virgil*.

" Neere joynetye brayeth with rufflerye* rumboled Ætna :
 Soomtyme owt it bolcketh† from bulek clouds grimly bedimmed
 Like fyerd pitche skorching, or flash flame sulphurus heating :
 Flownce to the stars towring the fire like a pellet is hurled,
 Ragd rocks, up raking, and guts of mounten yrented
 From roote up he jogleth : stoans hudge slag‡ molten he rowseth,
 With route snort grumblng in bottom flash furie kindling.
 Men say that Enceladus, with bolt haufl blasted, here harbrought,
 Ding'd§ with this squising|| and massive burthen of Ætna,
 Which pres on him nailed, from broached chimnys stil heateth ;
 As oft as the giant his brold¶ syds croompeled altrath,
 So oft Sicil al shivereth, therewith flaks smoakye be sparekled."

" T'ward Sicil is seated, to the welkin loftily peaking,
 A soyl, yeleapt Liparen, from whence with flounce fury flinging,
 Stoans and burlye bulets, like tampounds, maynelye betowring.
 Under is a kennel, wheare chymneys fyrye be seorching
 Of Cyclopan tosters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,
 Lowd rub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of Ætna.
 In the den are drumming gads of steele, parchfulye sparekling,
 And flam's fierclye glowing, from fornace flashye be whisking.
 Vulcan his hoate fordgharth, named eke thee Vulcian Island.
 Doun from the hev'nye palace travayled the fyrye God hither.
 In this cave the rakehels yr'ne bars, bigge buleked ar hamring,
 Brontes and Steropes, with baerlym swartie Pyracmon.
 These thre nere upbotching, not shapte, but partlye wel onward,
 A clapping fier-bolt (such as oft with rounce rebel hobble,
 Jove to the ground clattreth) but yeet not finished holye.
 Three showrs wringlye wrythen glimring, and forciblye sowcing,
 Thre watrye cloudws shytring to the craft they rampired hizzing,
 Three wheru's fierd glystring, with south winds ruffled huffling."

* Ruffling seems to be turbulent noise. A ruffler was formerly a boisterous bully.

† To bolck or boke, is *ruclare*.

‡ Slag is the dross of iron.

§ Dash'd down.

|| Squeezing.

¶ *i. e.* Broiled sides crumpled.

Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grislye reboundings
Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens harts with terror agrysing,
With peale meale ramping, with thwick thwack sturdilye thun-
dering."

Stanihurst's Virgil is certainly one of those curiosities in our literature which ought to be reprinted. Yet notwithstanding the almost incredible absurdity of this version, Stanihurst is entitled to an honourable remembrance for the part which he contributed to Holinshed's Collection of Chronicles. None of our Chroniclers possessed a mind better stored, nor an intellect more perpetually on the alert.

Sydney, who failed so entirely in writing hexameters, has written concerning them in his Defence of Poesie, with the good sense and propriety of thought by which that beautiful treatise is distinguished. Let me not be thought to disparage this admirable man and delightful writer, because it has been necessary for me to show the cause of his failure in an attempt wherein I have now followed him. I should not forgive myself were I ever to mention Sydney without an expression of reverence and love.

"Of versifying," he says, "there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other modern; the ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and, according to that, framed his verse; the modern, observing only number, with some regard of the accent; the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words which we call Rhyme. Whether of these be the more excellent, would bear many speeches, the ancient, no doubt, more fit for musick, both words and time observing quantity, and more fit lively to express divers passions by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter likewise with his Rhyme striketh a certain musick to the ear; and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose, there being in either sweetness, and wanting in neither majesty. Truly the English, before any vulgar language I know, is fit for both

sorts; for, for the ancient, the Italian is so full of vowels, that it must ever be cumbered with elisions: the Dutch so, of the other side, with consonants, that they cannot yield the sweet sliding fit for a verse. The French, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable, saving two, called Antepenultima; and little more hath the Spanish, and therefore very gracelesly may they use Dactyls; the English is subject to none of these defects. Now for Rhyme, though we do not observe quantity, yet we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely.

“That Cæsura, or breathing-place, in the midst of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have; the French and we never almost fail of. Lastly, the very Rhyme itself the Italian cannot put in the last syllable, by the French named the Masculine Rhyme, but still in the next to the last, which the French call the Female, or the next before that, which the Italian call Sdrucciola: the example of the former is *Buono Suono*: of the Sdrucciola, is *Femina Semina*. The French, on the other side, hath both the male, as *Bon Son*; and the Female, as *Plaise, Taise*, but the Sdrucciola he hath not, where the English hath all three, as *Due, True, Father, Rather, Motion, Potion*, with much more, which might be said, but that already I find the trifling of this discourse is too much enlarged.”

The French attempted to introduce the ancient metres some years before the trial was made in England. Pasquier says, that Estienne Jodelle led the way in the year 1553, by this distich upon the poems of Olivier de Maigny, “*lequel*,” he adds, “*est vraiment une petit chef-d'œuvre*.”

*Phœbus, Amour, Cypris, veut sauver, nourrir et orner
Ton vers et chef, d'ombre, de flamme, de fleurs.*

Pasquier himself, three years afterwards, at the solicitation of a friend, produced the following “*essay de plus longue haleine* : ” —

*Rien ne me plaist sinon de te chanter, et servir et orner ;
 Rien ne te plaist mon bien, rien ne te plaist que ma mort.
 Plus je requiers, et plus je me tiens seur d'estre refusé,
 Et ce refus pourtant point ne me semble refus.
 O trompeurs attraicts, desir ardent, prompte volonté,
 Espoir, non espoir, ains miserable pipeur.
 Discours mensongers, trahistreur oeil, aspre cruauté,
 Qui me ruine le corps, qui me ruine le cœur.
 Pourquoy tant de faveurs t'ont les Cieux mis à l'abandon,
 Ou pourquoy dans moy si violente fureur ?
 Si vaine est ma fureur, si vain est tout ce que des cieux
 Tu tiens, s'en toy gist cette cruelle rigueur :
 Dieux patrons de l'amour bannissez d'elle la beauté,
 Ou bien l'accouplez d'une amiable pitié ;
 Ou si dans le miel vous meslez un vénéneux fiel,
 Voeillez Dieux que l'amour r'entre dedans le Chaos :
 Commandez, que le froid, l'eau, l'Esté, l'humide, l'ardeur :
 Brief que ce tout par tout tende à l'abisme de tous,
 Pour finir ma douleur, pour finir cette cruauté,
 Qui me ruine le corps, qui me ruine le cœur.
 Non helas que ce rond soit tout un sans se rechanger,
 Mais que ma Sourde se change, ou de face, ou de façons :
 Mais que ma Sourde se change, et plus douce escoute les voix,
 Voix que je seme criant, voix que je seme, riant.
 Et que le feu du froid desormais puisse triompher,
 Et que le froid au feu perde sa lente vigueur :
 Ainsi s'assopira mon tourment, et la cruauté
 Qui me ruine le corps, qui me ruine le cœur.*

"Je ne dy pas," says the author, *"que ces vers soient de quelque valeur, aussi ne les mets-je icy sur la monstre en intention qu'on les trouve tels ; mais bien estime-je qu'ils sont autant fluides que les Latins, et à tant veux-je que l'on pense nostre vulgaire estre aucunement capable de ce subject."* Pasquier's verses were not published till many years after they were written; and in the meantime Jean Antoine de Baif made the attempt upon a larger scale, . .

"*Toutesfois*," says Pasquier, "*en ce subject si mauvais parrain que non seulement il ne fut suivy d'aucun, mais au contraire descouragea un chacun de s'y employer. D'autant que tout ce qu'il en fit estoit tant despourveu de cette naifveté qui doit accompagner nos œuvres, qu'aussi tost que cette sienne poésie voit la lumiere, elle mourut comme un avorton.*" The Abbé Goujet, therefore, had no reason to represent this attempt as a proof of the bad taste of the age: the bad taste of an age is proved, when vicious compositions are applauded, not when they are unsuccessful. Jean Antoine de Baif is the writer of whom Cardinal du Perron said, "*qu'il étoit bon homme, mais qu'il étoit méchant poëte François.*"

I subjoin a specimen of Spanish Hexameters, from an Eclogue by D. Esteban de Villegas, a poet of great and deserved estimation in his own country.

*Licidas y Coridon, Coridon el amante de Filis,
 Pastor el uno de Cabras, el otro de blancas Ovejas,
 Ambos a dos tiernos, mozos ambos, Arcades ambos,
 Viendo que los rayos del Sol fatigaban al Orbe,
 Y que vibrando fuego feróz la Canícula ladra,
 Al puro cristal, que cria la fuente sonora,
 Llevados del són alegre de su blando susurro,
 Las plantas veloces mueven, los pasos animan,
 Y al tronco de un verde enebro se sientan amigos.*

*Tú, que los erguidos sobrepujas del hondo Tímavo
 Peñones, generoso Duque, con tu inclita frente,
 Si acaso tocáre el eco de mi rústica avena
 Tus sienas, si acaso llega a tu fértil abono,
 Francisco, del acento mío la sonora Talía,
 Oye pio, responde grato, censura severo:
 No menos al caro hermano generoso retratas,
 Que al tronco prudente sigues, generoso naciste
 Heroe, que guarde el Cielo dilatando tus años:*

*Licidas y Coridon, Coridon el amante de Filis,
 Pastores, las Musas aman, recrearte desean :
 Tu, cuerdo, perdona entretanto la bárbara Musa,
 Que presto, inspirando Pean con amigo Coturno,
 En trompa, que al Olimpo llegue por el ábrego suelta,
 Tu fama llevarán los ecos del Ganges al Istro,
 Y luego, torciendo el vuelo, del Aquilo al Austro.*

It is admitted by the Spaniards, that the fitness of their language for the hexameter has been established by Villegas; his success, however, did not induce other poets to follow the example, I know not whom it was that he followed, for he was not the first to make the attempt. Neither do I know whether it was ever made in Portuguese, except in some verses upon St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins, which are Latin as well as Portuguese, and were written as a whimsical proof of the affinity of the two languages. I have met with no specimens in Italian. The complete success of the metre in Germany is well known. The Bohemians have learnt the tune, and have, like their neighbours, a translation of the Iliad in the measure of the original. This I learn accidentally from a Bohemian grammar; which shews me also, that the Bohemians make a dactyl of Achilles, probably because they pronounce the χ with a strong aspirate.

THE END.

